CLASSICS Illustrated

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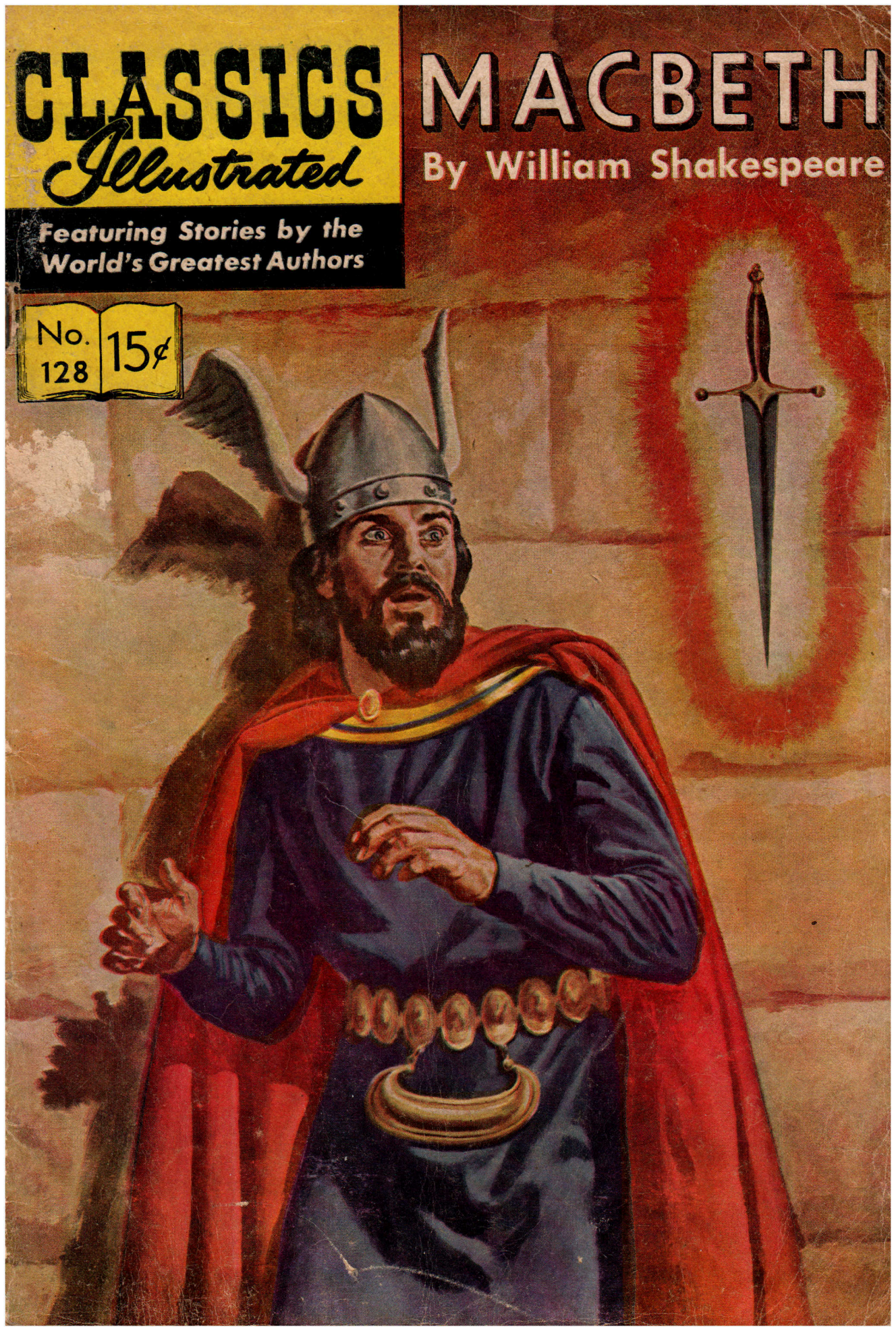
No. 128 15¢

MACBETH

By William Shakespeare



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WHO AM I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from CLUE I, your score is superior; from CLUE II — excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

CLUE I: I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, the son of a slave. On the same day, a son was born to the master of the house. When we were both eight months old, my mother changed our places, so I would never grow up to be a slave.

CLUE II: I grew up as the son of the master, and the true son of the master became my slave. I acted toward him as cruelly as anyone could.

CLUE III: When I was a young man, the master of the house died. I went to live with his brother, while the master's real son was sold into slavery. As time passed, I became a gambler, a drunkard and a thief.

CLUE IV: One day, my mother came to me and told me who I really was. I repaid her concern for me by selling her down the river as a slave in order to get money to pay my debts. Then, needing more money, I tried to steal some from my master's brother. He heard me, and I killed him.

CLUE V: The knife I used was not mine, and its owner was immediately accused of the murder. He would have been found guilty, and I would have gone free, if not for the detective work of a man whose name is the title of the thrilling novel, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, by Samuel L. Clemens.

CHAMBERS

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

MACBETH

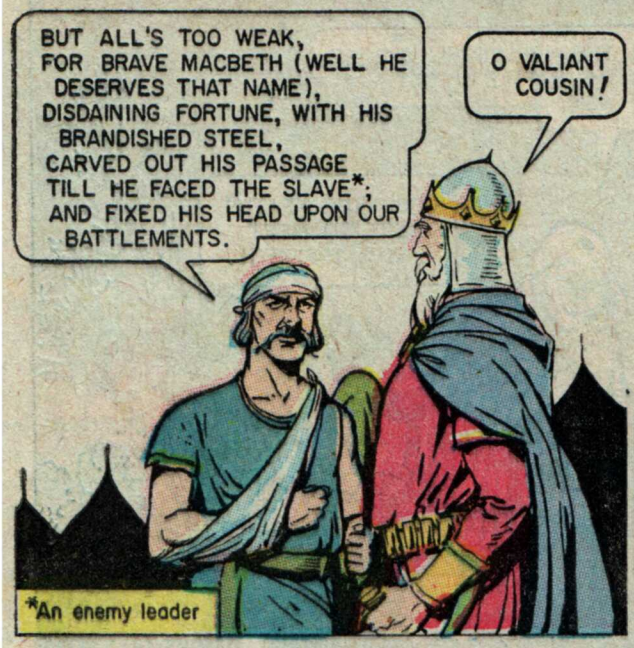
*Open, uncultivated land

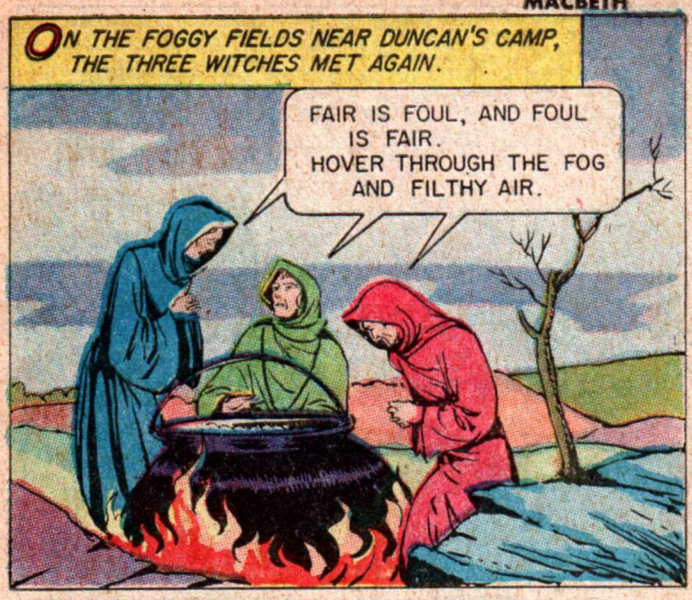
EARLY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, SCOTLAND WAS TORN BY A REBELLION AGAINST DUNCAN, ITS KING.

MACBETH, THE THANE* OF GLAMIS, AND FIRST COUSIN TO THE KING, LED THE LOYAL ARMY INTO BATTLE. DUNCAN AND HIS SONS, MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, WAITED ANXIOUSLY AT THEIR CAMP FOR THE OUTCOME.

*A title of nobility

THEN THE LOYAL THANE OF ROSS ARRIVED.



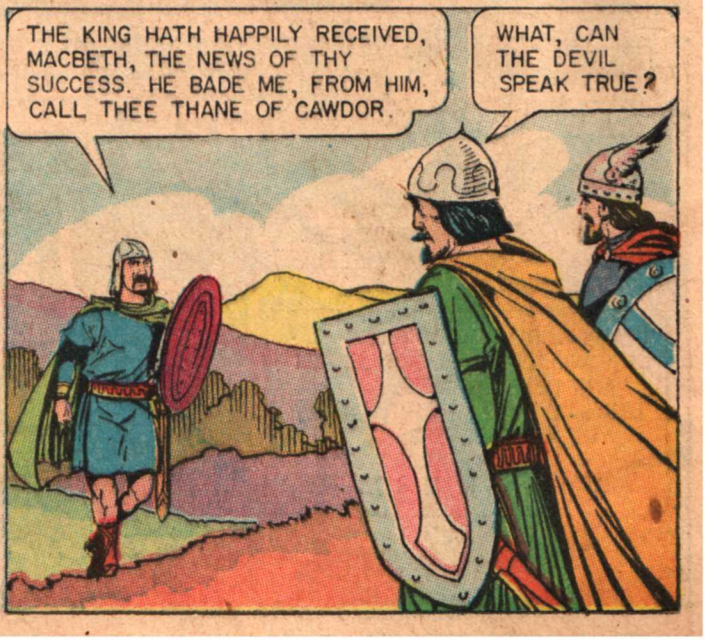


MACBETH AND BANQUO, ANOTHER SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, APPROACHED ON THEIR WAY TO THE KING.

THEN THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS HAILED BANQUO.
LESSER THAN MACBETH, AND GREATER.
NOT SO HAPPY, YET MUCH HAPPIER.
THOU SHALT GET* KINGS, THOUGH THOU BE NONE.
*Be father to

STAY, YOU IMPERFECT SPEAKERS; TELL ME MORE. I KNOW I AM THANE OF GLAMIS; BUT HOW OF CAWDOR?
THE EARTH HATH BUBBLES, AS THE WATER HAS, AND THESE ARE OF THEM. WHITHER ARE THEY VANISHED?

YOU SHALL BE KING.
AND THANE OF CAWDOR TOO: WENT IT NOT SO?


AT THAT MOMENT, ROSS ARRIVED.
THE KING HATH HAPPILY RECEIVED, MACBETH, THE NEWS OF THY SUCCESS. HE BADE ME, FROM HIM, CALL THEE THANE OF CAWDOR.
WHAT, CAN THE DEVIL SPEAK TRUE?

AT DUNCAN'S CAMP. . .
IS EXECUTION DONE ON CAWDOR?
I HAVE SPOKE WITH ONE THAT SAW HIM DIE, WHO DID REPORT THAT HE SET FORTH A DEEP REPENTANCE. NOTHING IN HIS LIFE BECAME HIM LIKE THE LEAVING IT.
THEN MACBETH ARRIVED.
O WORTHIEST COUSIN, MORE IS THY DUE THAN ALL CAN PAY.
THE SERVICE AND THE LOYALTY I OWE IN DOING IT PAYS ITSELF. YOUR HIGHNESS' PART IS TO RECEIVE OUR DUTIES, AND OUR DUTIES ARE TO YOUR THRONE AND STATE CHILDREN AND SERVANTS, WHICH DO BUT WHAT THEY SHOULD BY DOING EVERYTHING SAFE TOWARD YOUR LOVE AND HONOR.
BUT AS THE KING WELCOMED BANQUO, MACBETH WAS THINKING OF THE PREDICTION THAT HE, HIMSELF WOULD BE KING.
STARS, HIDE YOUR FIRES! LET NOT LIGHT SEE MY BLACK AND DEEP DESIRES. THE EYE WINK AT THE HAND: YET LET THAT BE WHICH THE EYE FEARS, WHEN IT IS DONE, TO SEE.
NOBLE BANQUO, LET ME HOLD THEE TO MY HEART.

AT INVERNESS, MACBETH'S CASTLE, LADY MACBETH RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HER HUSBAND TELLING HER OF HIS NEW HONORS AND OF THE WITCHES' PROPHECIES. COLD AND CUNNING, LADY MACBETH, LIKE HER HUSBAND, KNEW THAT MACBETH COULD ONLY BE KING IF DUNCAN WERE DEAD.

GLAMIS THOU ART, AND CAWDOR, AND SHALT BE WHAT THOU ART PROMISED. YET DO I FEAR THY NATURE. IT IS TOO FULL O' THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS TO CATCH THE NEAREST WAY. HIE THEE HITHER, THAT I MAY POUR MY SPIRITS IN THINE EAR.

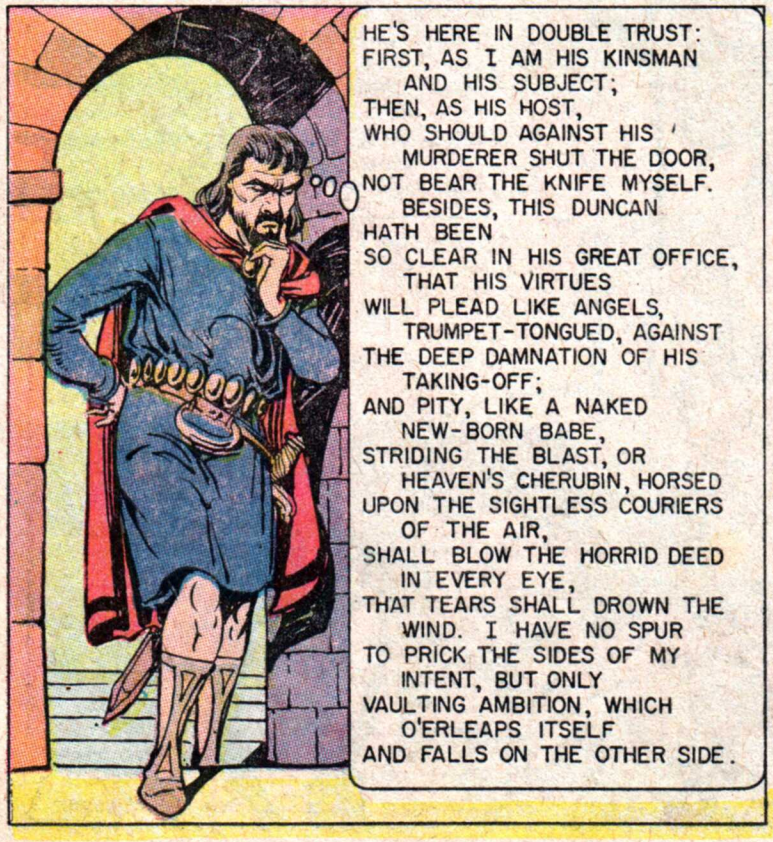
A MESSENGER THEN ENTERED.

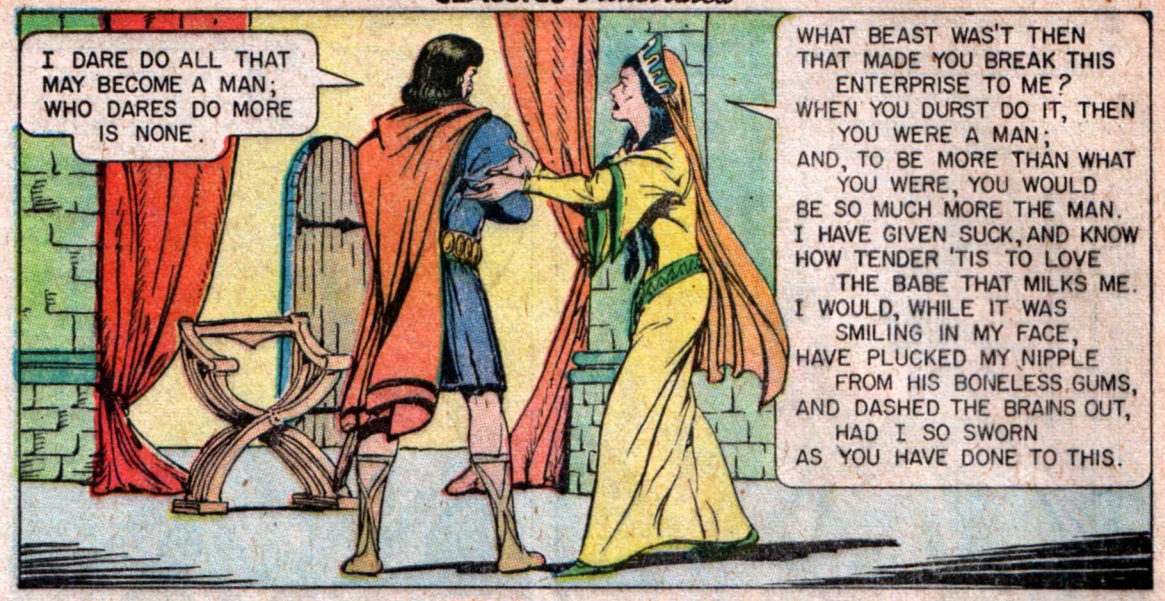
THE KING COMES HERE TO-NIGHT.

THE RAVEN HIMSELF IS HOARSE
THAT CROAKS THE FATAL ENTRANCE OF DUNCAN
UNDER MY BATTLEMENTS. COME, YOU SPIRITS
THAT TEND ON MORTAL THOUGHTS, UNSEX ME HERE
AND FILL ME, FROM THE CROWN TO THE TOE, TOP-FULL
OF DIREST CRUELTY!
COME, THICK NIGHT,
AND PALL* THEE IN THE DUNNEST** SMOKE OF HELL,
THAT MY KEEN KNIFE SEE NOT THE WOUND IT MAKES,
NOR HEAVEN PEEP THROUGH THE BLANKET OF THE DARK
TO CRY "HOLD, HOLD!"

*Cover
**Darkest

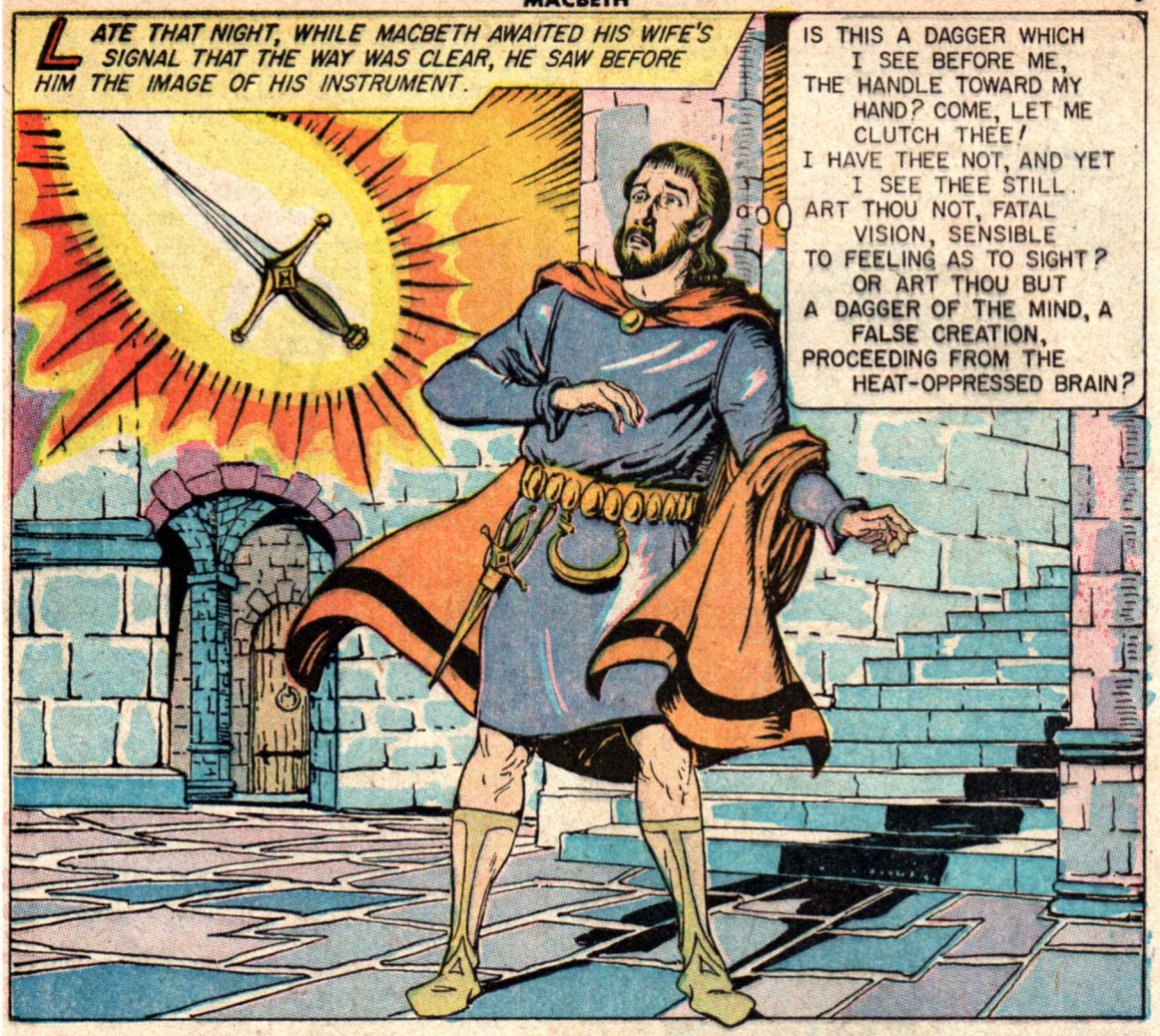
THAT EVENING, DUNCAN ARRIVED AT INVERNESS. WHILE THE KING WAS BEING ENTERTAINED IN ONE ROOM, IN ANOTHER, MACBETH CONSIDERED HIS PLAN TO MURDER HIM.

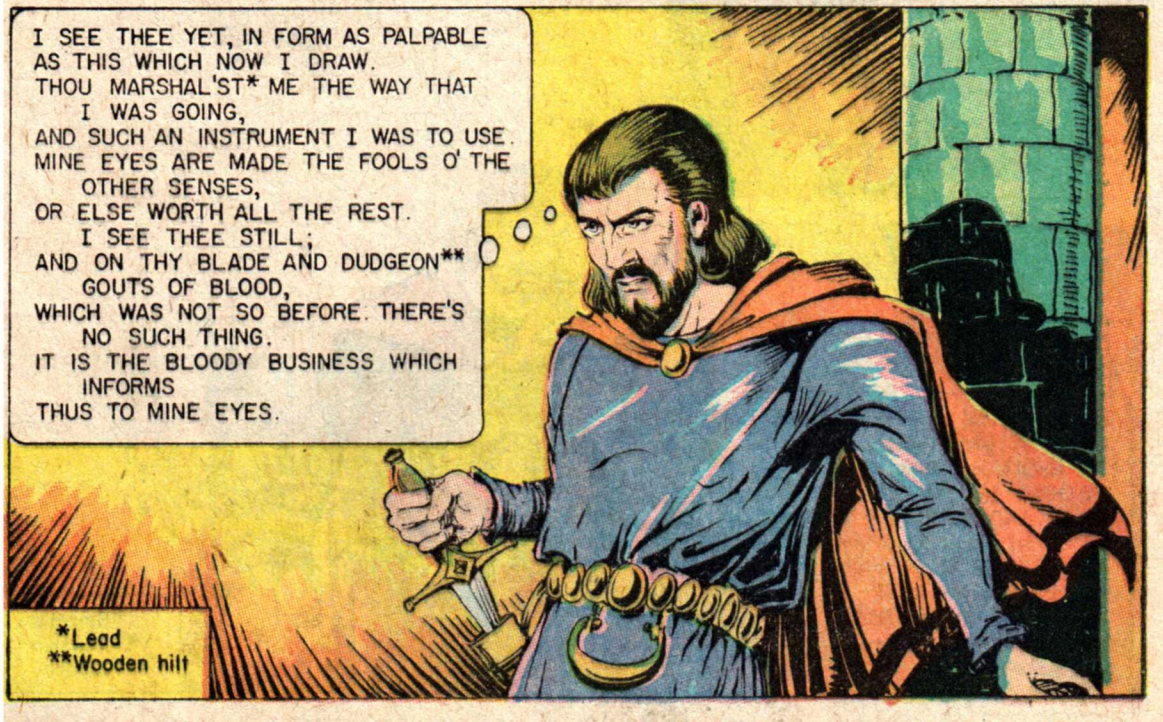



I DARE DO ALL THAT MAY BECOME A MAN; WHO DARES DO MORE IS NONE.
WHAT BEAST WAS'T THEN THAT MADE YOU BREAK THIS ENTERPRISE TO ME? WHEN YOU DURST DO IT, THEN YOU WERE A MAN; AND, TO BE MORE THAN WHAT YOU WERE, YOU WOULD BE SO MUCH MORE THE MAN. I HAVE GIVEN SUCK, AND KNOW HOW TENDER 'TIS TO LOVE THE BABE THAT MILKS ME. I WOULD, WHILE IT WAS SMILING IN MY FACE, HAVE PLUCKED MY NIPPLE FROM HIS BONELESS GUMS, AND DASHED THE BRAINS OUT, HAD I SO SWORN AS YOU HAVE DONE TO THIS.

IF WE SHOULD FAIL?
WE FAIL? BUT SCREW YOUR COURAGE TO THE STICKING PLACE, AND WE'LL NOT FAIL WHEN DUNCAN IS ASLEEP. HIS TWO CHAMBERLAINS* WILL I WITH WINE AND WASSAIL** CONVINCE *** WHEN IN SWINISH SLEEP THEIR DRENCHED NATURES LIE AS IN A DEATH, WHAT CANNOT YOU AND I PERFORM UPON THE UNGUARDED DUNCAN? WHAT NOT PUT UPON HIS SPONGY OFFICERS, WHO SHALL BEAR THE GUILT OF OUR GREAT QUELL?
*Servants
**Merriment
***Overcome

LADY MACBETH'S PLAN CONVINCED MACBETH.
BRING FORTH MEN-CHILDREN ONLY, FOR THY UNDAUNTED METTLE* SHOULD COMPOSE NOTHING BUT MALES. AWAY, AND MOCK THE TIME WITH FAIREST SHOW; FALSE FACE MUST HIDE WHAT THE FALSE HEART DOTH KNOW.
*Substance


LATE THAT NIGHT, WHILE MACBETH AWAITED HIS WIFE'S SIGNAL THAT THE WAY WAS CLEAR, HE SAW BEFORE HIM THE IMAGE OF HIS INSTRUMENT.
IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME, THE HANDLE TOWARD MY HAND? COME, LET ME CLUTCH THEE! I HAVE THEE NOT, AND YET I SEE THEE STILL. ART THOU NOT, FATAL VISION, SENSIBLE TO FEELING AS TO SIGHT? OR ART THOU BUT A DAGGER OF THE MIND, A FALSE CREATION, PROCEEDING FROM THE HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN?

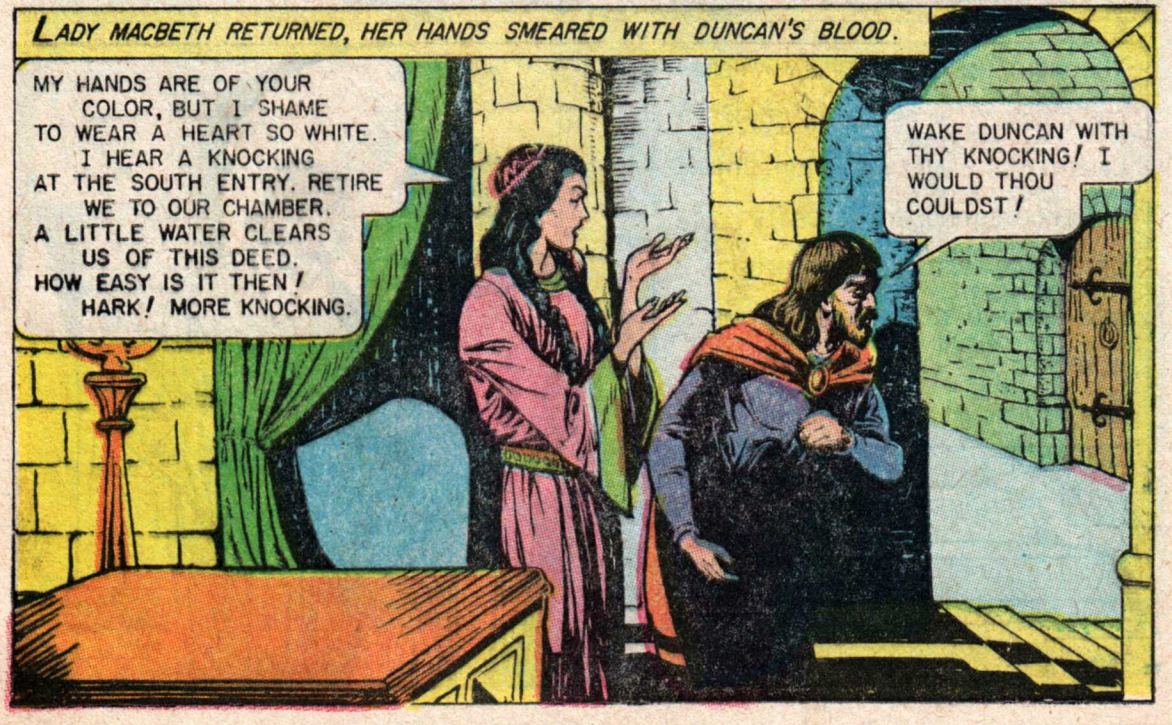

I SEE THEE YET, IN FORM AS PALPABLE AS THIS WHICH NOW I DRAW. THOU MARSHAL'ST* ME THE WAY THAT I WAS GOING, AND SUCH AN INSTRUMENT I WAS TO USE. MINE EYES ARE MADE THE FOOLS O' THE OTHER SENSES, OR ELSE WORTH ALL THE REST. I SEE THEE STILL; AND ON THY BLADE AND DUDGEON** GOUTS OF BLOOD, WHICH WAS NOT SO BEFORE. THERE'S NO SUCH THING. IT IS THE BLOODY BUSINESS WHICH INFORMS THUS TO MINE EYES.
*Lead
**Wooden hilt

THEN HE HEARD LADY MACBETH RING THE SIGNAL BELL
I GO, AND IT IS DONE THE BELL INVITES ME. HEAR IT NOT, DUNCAN, FOR IT IS A KNELL THAT SUMMONS THEE TO HEAVEN, OR TO HELL.
LADY MACBETH WAITED IN THE DARKNESS.
HE IS ABOUT IT: THE DOORS ARE OPEN, AND THE GROOMS DO MOCK THEIR CHARGE WITH SNORES. I LAID THEIR DAGGERS READY; HE COULD NOT MISS 'EM. HAD HE* NOT RESEMBLED MY FATHER AS HE SLEPT, I HAD DONE'T.
*Duncan
THEN MACBETH ENTERED
I HAVE DONE THE DEED DIDST THOU NOT HEAR A NOISE?
METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY "SLEEP NO MORE! MACBETH DOES MURDER SLEEP"--THE INNOCENT SLEEP, SLEEP THAT KNITS* UP THE RAVELED** SLEAVE*** OF CARE, THE DEATH OF EACH DAY'S LIFE, SORE LABOR'S BATH, BALM OF HURT MINDS, GREAT NATURE'S SECOND COURSE, CHIEF NOURISHER IN LIFE'S FEAST. STILL IT CRIED "SLEEP NO MORE!" TO ALL THE HOUSE; "GLAMIS HATH MURDERED SLEEP, AND THEREFORE CAWDOR SHALL SLEEP NO MORE! MACBETH SHALL SLEEP NO MORE!"
*Smoothes
**Tangled
***Strand

WHY, WORTHY THANE, YOU DO UNBEND YOUR NOBLE STRENGTH TO THINK SO BRAINSICKLY OF THINGS. WHY DID YOU BRING THESE DAGGERS FROM THE PLACE? THEY MUST LIE THERE. GO CARRY THEM AND SMEAR THE SLEEPY GROOMS WITH BLOOD.

I'LL GO NO MORE. I AM AFRAID TO THINK WHAT I HAVE DONE; LOOK ON'T AGAIN I DARE NOT.
INFIRM OF PURPOSE! GIVE ME THE DAGGERS. IF HE DO BLEED, I'LL GILD THE FACES OF THE GROOMS WITHAL, FOR IT MUST SEEM THEIR GUILT.

THEN MACBETH HEARD A KNOCKING.
WHENCE IS THAT KNOCKING? HOW IS'T WITH ME WHEN EVERY NOISE APPALLS ME?


LADY MACBETH RETURNED, HER HANDS SMEARED WITH DUNCAN'S BLOOD.
MY HANDS ARE OF YOUR COLOR, BUT I SHAME TO WEAR A HEART SO WHITE. I HEAR A KNOCKING AT THE SOUTH ENTRY. RETIRE WE TO OUR CHAMBER. A LITTLE WATER CLEARS US OF THIS DEED. HOW EASY IS IT THEN! HARK! MORE KNOCKING.
WAKE DUNCAN WITH THY KNOCKING! I WOULD THOU COULDST!

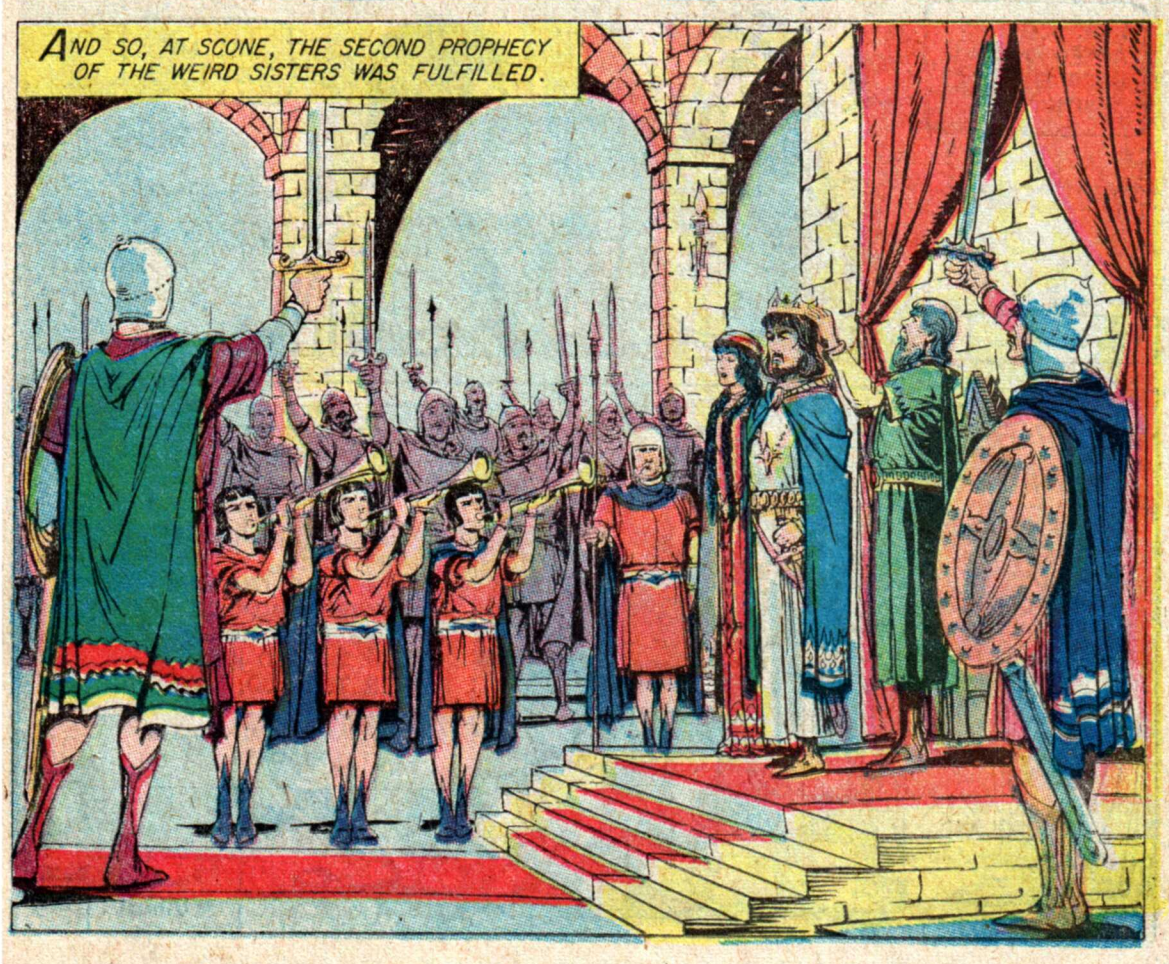
CALLED FROM HIS BEDROOM, MACBETH RECEIVED HIS GUESTS AND, AT MACDUFF'S REQUEST, DIRECTED HIM TO THE KING'S APARTMENT.

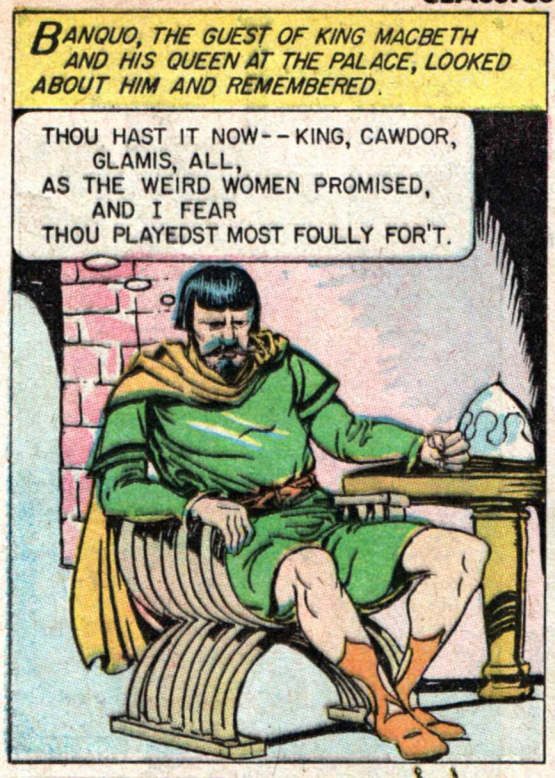
SUDDENLY...
O HORROR, HORROR, HORROR! TONGUE NOR HEART CANNOT CONCEIVE NOR NAME THEE!
MACBETH AND LENNOX RAN TO THE KING'S CHAMBER AS LADY MACBETH AND BANQUO ENTERED THE ROOM.
AWAKE, AWAKE! RING THE ALARUM BELL. MURDER AND TREASON! BANQUO AND DONALBAIN! MALCOLM! AWAKE! SHAKE OFF THIS DOWNY SLEEP, DEATH'S COUNTERFEIT, AND LOOK ON DEATH ITSELF! UP, UP, AND SEE THE GREAT DOOM'S IMAGE! OUR ROYAL MASTER'S MURDERED!
WHAT, IN OUR HOUSE?
THEN MACBETH AND LENNOX RETURNED.
HAD I BUT DIED AN HOUR BEFORE THIS CHANCE, I HAD LIVED A BLESSED TIME; FOR FROM THIS INSTANT THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS IN MORTALITY; ALL IS BUT TOYS; RENOWN AND GRACE IS DEAD; THE WINE OF LIFE IS DRAWN, AND THE MERE LEES* IS LEFT THIS VAULT TO BRAG OF.
*Dregs

MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, SONS OF THE MURDERED KING, RECEIVED THE NEWS.
WHAT IS AMISS?
YOUR ROYAL FATHER'S MURDERED.
BY WHOM?
THOSE OF HIS CHAMBER, AS IT SEEMED, HAD DONE'T. THEIR HANDS AND FACES WERE ALL BADGED WITH BLOOD; SO WERE THEIR DAGGERS, WHICH UNWIPED WE FOUND UPON THEIR PILLOWS.
O, YET I DO REPENT ME OF MY FURY THAT I DID KILL THEM.
MACBETH HAD RUSHED IN AND KILLED THE SLEEPY GROOMS BEFORE THEY COULD DENY THE MURDER. NOW HE TRIED TO HIDE HIS GUILT.
WHO CAN BE WISE, AMAZED, TEMPERATE, AND FURIOUS, LOYAL AND NEUTRAL, IN A MOMENT? NO MAN. HERE LAY DUNCAN, HIS SILVER SKIN LACED WITH HIS GOLDEN BLOOD; THERE, THE MURDERERS, STEEPED IN THE COLORS OF THEIR TRADE. WHO COULD REFRAIN THAT HAD A HEART TO LOVE AND IN THAT HEART COURAGE TO MAKE 'S LOVE KNOWN?
WHEN THE OTHERS LEFT, MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN MADE THEIR PLANS.
THIS MURDEROUS SHAFT THAT'S SHOT HATH NOT YET LIGHTED, AND OUR SAFEST WAY IS TO AVOID THE AIM. THEREFORE TO HORSE! AND LET US NOT BE DAINTY OF LEAVE-TAKING BUT SHIFT AWAY. I'LL TO ENGLAND.
TO IRELAND I. OUR SEPARATED FORTUNE SHALL KEEP US BOTH THE SAFER. WHERE WE ARE, THERE'S DAGGERS IN MEN'S SMILES.

MACDUFF AND ROSS MET SOME DAYS LATER.
IS'T KNOWN WHO DID THIS MORE THAN BLOODY DEED?
THOSE THAT MACBETH HATH SLAIN. THEY WERE SUBORNED*. MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, THE KING'S TWO SONS, ARE STOLEN AWAY AND FLED, WHICH PUTS UPON THEM SUSPICION OF THE DEED.
*Hired to do it

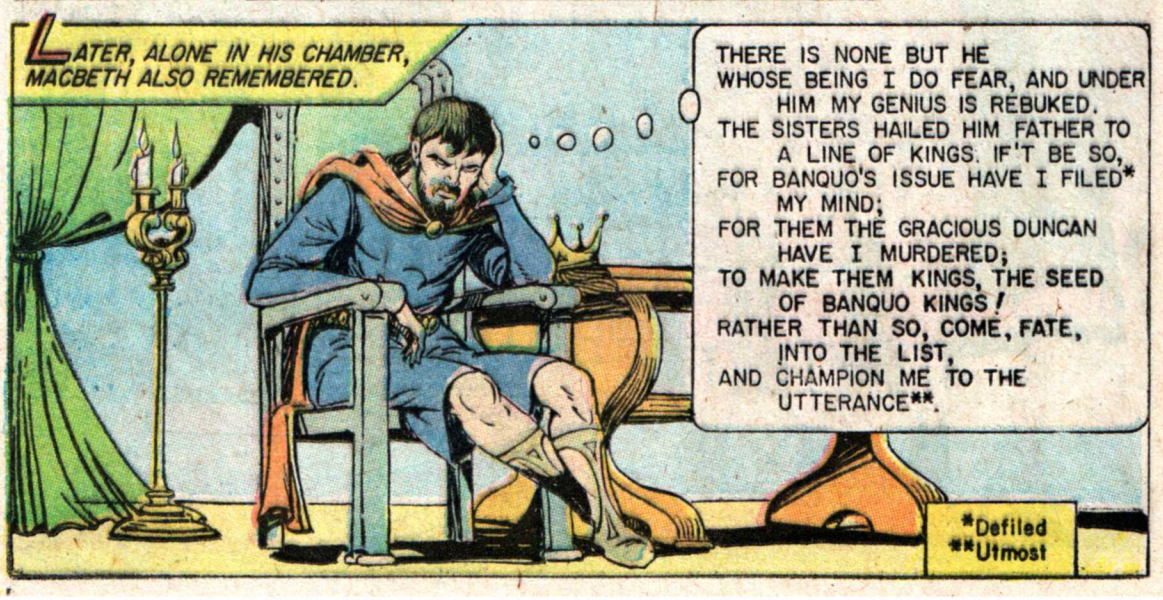
THEN 'TIS MOST LIKE THE SOVEREIGNTY WILL FALL UPON MACBETH.
HE IS ALREADY NAMED, AND GONE TO SCONE TO BE INVESTED*.
*Crowned


AND SO, AT SCONE, THE SECOND PROPHECY OF THE WEIRD SISTERS WAS FULFILLED.

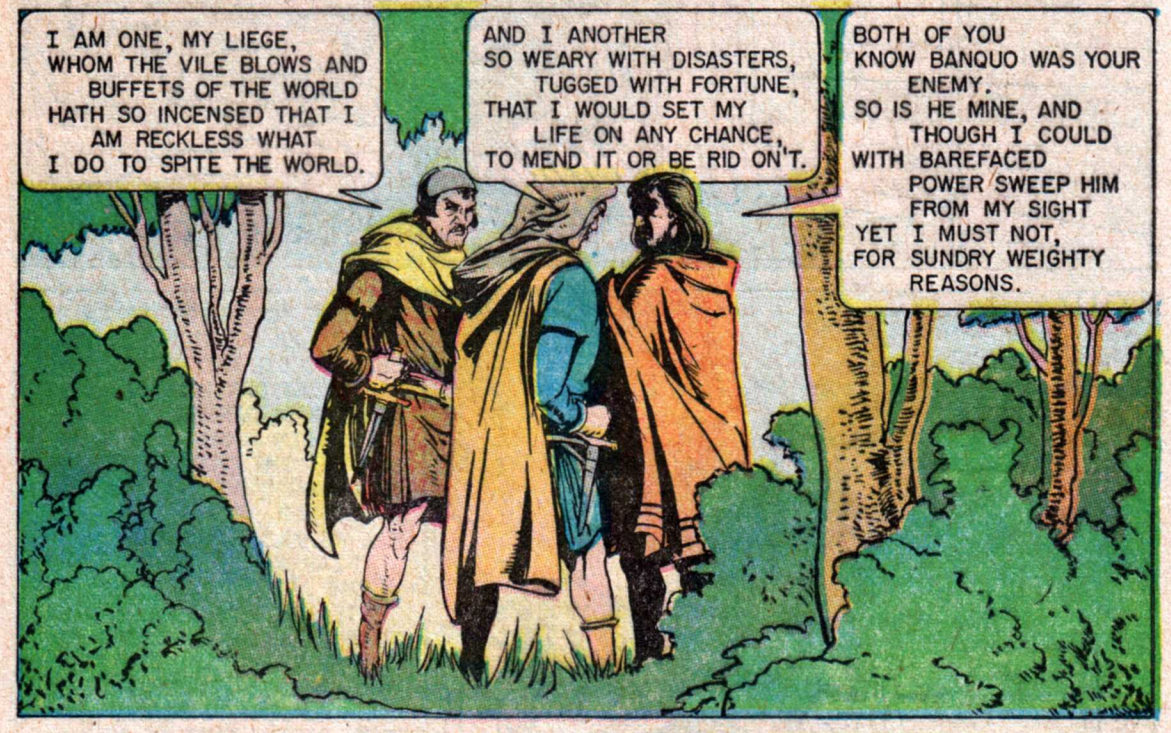

BANQUO, THE GUEST OF KING MACBETH AND HIS QUEEN AT THE PALACE, LOOKED ABOUT HIM AND REMEMBERED.
THOU HAST IT NOW--KING, CAWDOR, GLAMIS, ALL, AS THE WEIRD WOMEN PROMISED, AND I FEAR THOU PLAYEDST MOST FOULLY FOR'T.

THEN MACBETH ENTERED.
TO-NIGHT WE HOLD A SOLEMN SUPPER, SIR, AND I'LL REQUEST YOUR PRESENCE.
LET YOUR HIGHNESS COMMAND UPON ME.

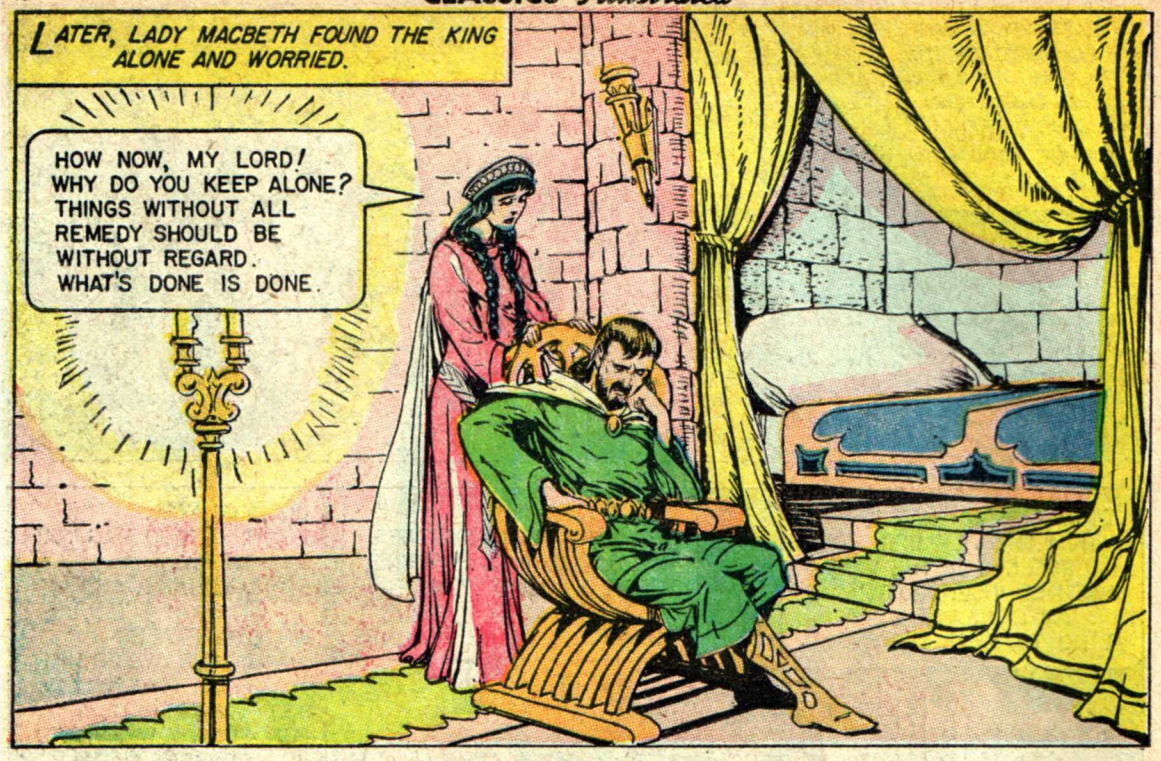
RIDE YOU THIS AFTERNOON? GOES FLEANCE* WITH YOU?
AY, MY GOOD LORD.
*Banquo's son

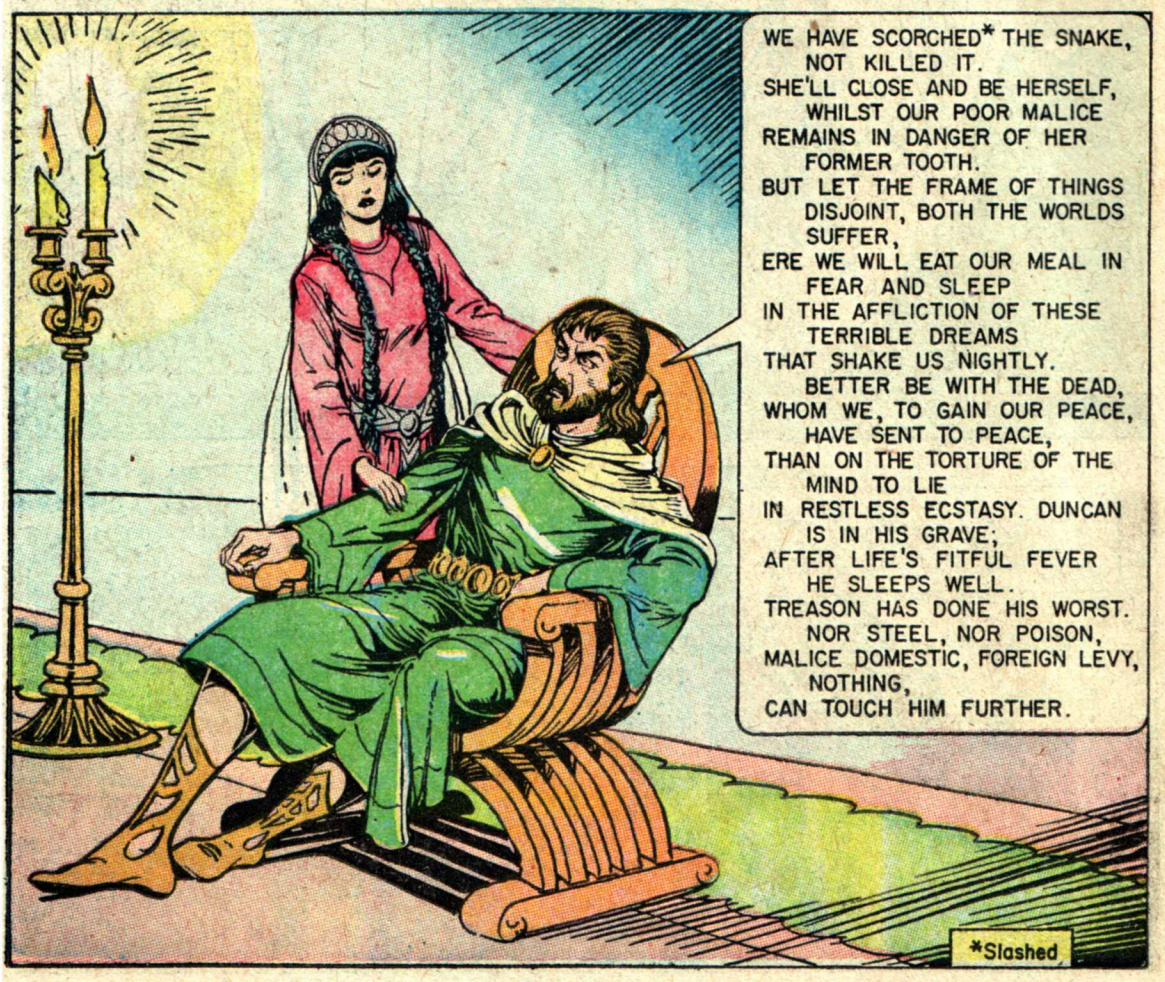

LATER, ALONE IN HIS CHAMBER, MACBETH ALSO REMEMBERED.
THERE IS NONE BUT HE WHOSE BEING I DO FEAR, AND UNDER HIM MY GENIUS IS REBUKED. THE SISTERS HAILED HIM FATHER TO A LINE OF KINGS. IF'T BE SO, FOR BANQUO'S ISSUE HAVE I FILED* MY MIND; FOR THEM THE GRACIOUS DUNCAN HAVE I MURDERED; TO MAKE THEM KINGS, THE SEED OF BANQUO KINGS! RATHER THAN SO, COME, FATE, INTO THE LIST, AND CHAMPION ME TO THE UTTERANCE**.
*Defiled
**Utmost

MACBETH HAD TWO MURDERERS BROUGHT TO HIM. WITH THEM, HE PLOTTED THE END OF BANQUO AND FLEANCE.


I AM ONE, MY LIEGE, WHOM THE VILE BLOWS AND BUFFETS OF THE WORLD HATH SO INCENSED THAT I AM RECKLESS WHAT I DO TO SPITE THE WORLD.
AND I ANOTHER SO WEARY WITH DISASTERS, TUGGED WITH FORTUNE, THAT I WOULD SET MY LIFE ON ANY CHANCE, TO MEND IT OR BE RID ON'T.
BOTH OF YOU KNOW BANQUO WAS YOUR ENEMY. SO IS HE MINE, AND THOUGH I COULD WITH BAREFACED POWER SWEEP HIM FROM MY SIGHT YET I MUST NOT, FOR SUNDRY WEIGHTY REASONS.

I WILL ADVISE YOU WHERE TO PLANT YOURSELVES; FOR'T MUST BE DONE TO-NIGHT.

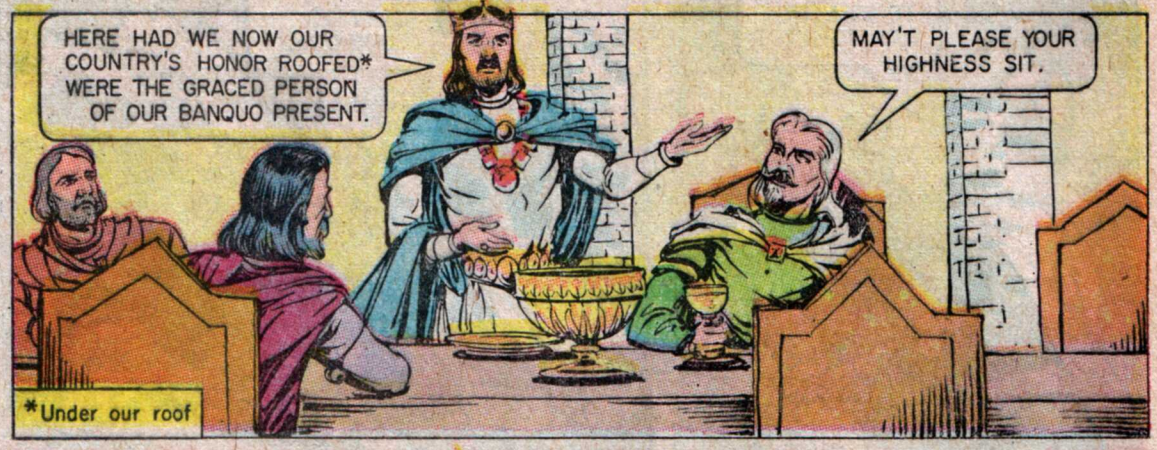

LATER, LADY MACBETH FOUND THE KING ALONE AND WORRIED.
HOW NOW, MY LORD! WHY DO YOU KEEP ALONE? THINGS WITHOUT ALL REMEDY SHOULD BE WITHOUT REGARD. WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

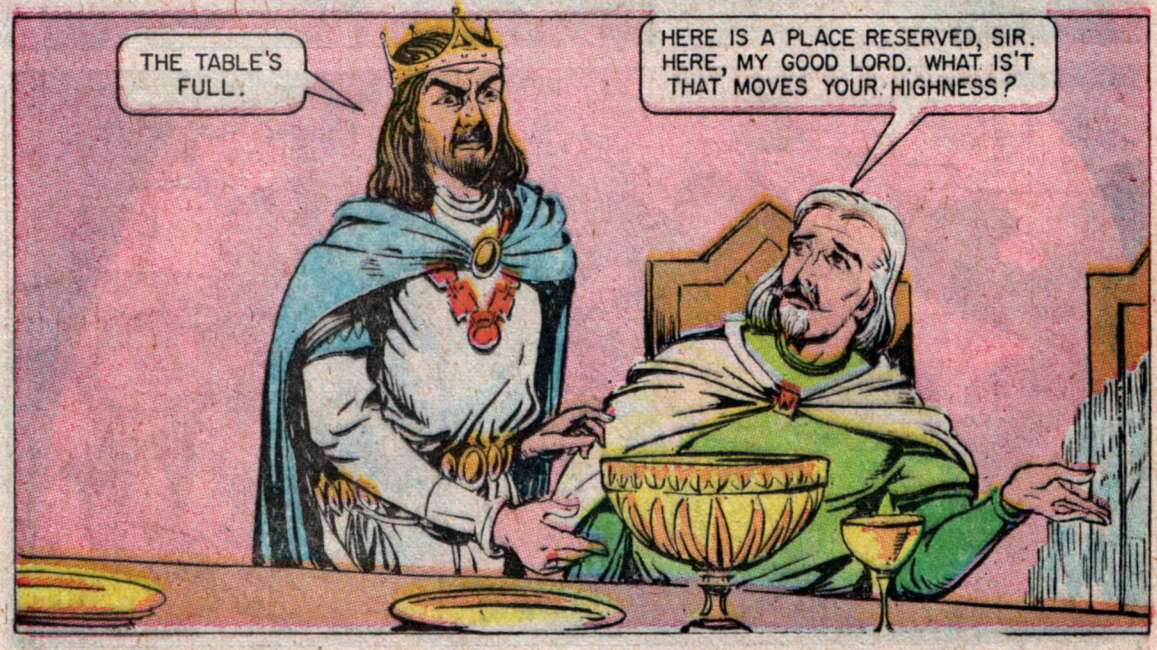

WE HAVE SCORCHED* THE SNAKE, NOT KILLED IT.
SHE'LL CLOSE AND BE HERSELF, WHILST OUR POOR MALICE
REMAINS IN DANGER OF HER FORMER TOOTH.
BUT LET THE FRAME OF THINGS DISJOINT, BOTH THE WORLDS SUFFER,
ERE WE WILL EAT OUR MEAL IN FEAR AND SLEEP
IN THE AFFLICTION OF THESE TERRIBLE DREAMS
THAT SHAKE US NIGHTLY. BETTER BE WITH THE DEAD,
WHOM WE, TO GAIN OUR PEACE, HAVE SENT TO PEACE,
THAN ON THE TORTURE OF THE MIND TO LIE
IN RESTLESS ECSTASY. DUNCAN IS IN HIS GRAVE;
AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER HE SLEEPS WELL.
TREASON HAS DONE HIS WORST. NOR STEEL, NOR POISON,
MALICE DOMESTIC, FOREIGN LEVY, NOTHING,
CAN TOUCH HIM FURTHER.
*Slashed

THAT EVENING, LYING IN WAIT FOR BANQUO AND FLEANCE, THE TWO MURDERERS WERE SURPRISED TO SEE A THIRD.
BUT WHO DID BID THEE JOIN WITH US?
MACBETH.
THEN STAND WITH US.
HARK! I HEAR HORSES.
IT WILL BE RAIN TO-NIGHT.
LET IT COME DOWN!
THERE'S BUT ONE DOWN; THE SON IS FLED.

LATER, WHILE GUESTS WERE BEING SEATED IN THE BANQUET HALL, THE KING WAS CALLED ASIDE.

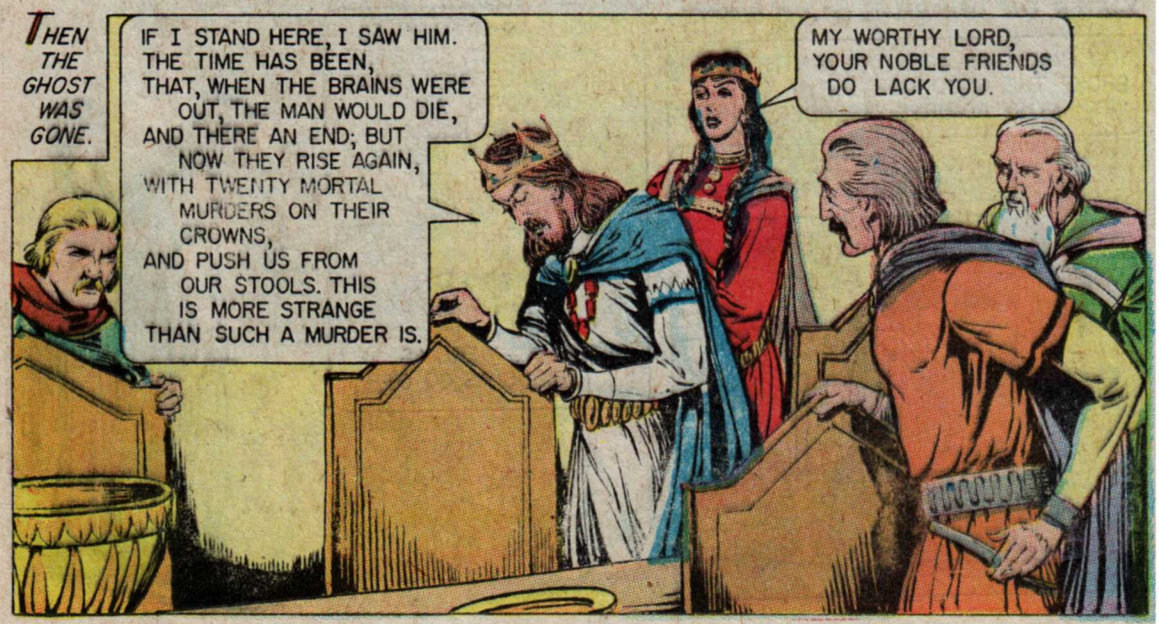
MACBETH RETURNED TO THE BANQUET TABLE.





ONLY MACBETH COULD SEE THE GHOST OF BANQUO.
THOU CANST NOT SAY I DID IT. NEVER SHAKE THY GORY LOCKS AT ME.
GENTLEMEN, RISE. HIS HIGHNESS IS NOT WELL.
SIT, WORTHY FRIENDS. THE FIT IS MOMENTARY; FEED, AND REGARD HIM NOT.

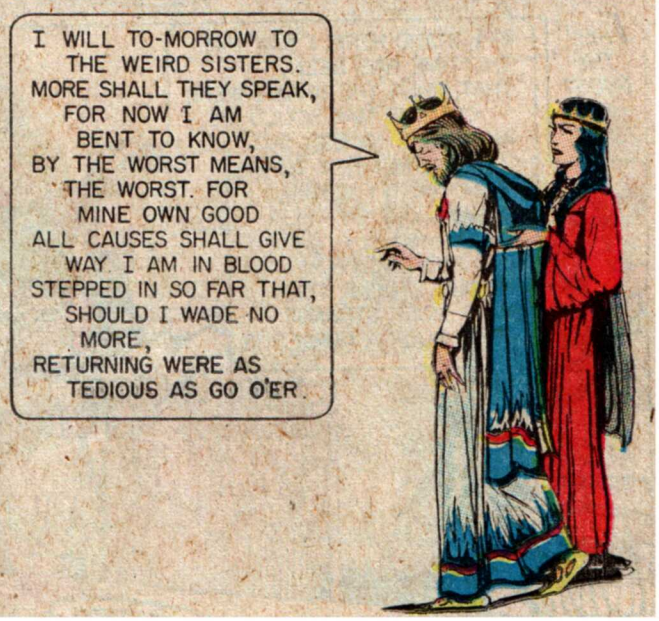
PRITHEE, SEE THERE! BEHOLD! LOOK! LO! HOW SAY YOU? WHY, WHAT CARE I? IF THOU CANST NOD, SPEAK TOO.


THEN THE GHOST WAS GONE.
IF I STAND HERE, I SAW HIM. THE TIME HAS BEEN, THAT, WHEN THE BRAINS WERE OUT, THE MAN WOULD DIE, AND THERE AN END; BUT NOW THEY RISE AGAIN, WITH TWENTY MORTAL MURDERS ON THEIR CROWNS, AND PUSH US FROM OUR STOOLS. THIS IS MORE STRANGE THAN SUCH A MURDER IS.
MY WORTHY LORD, YOUR NOBLE FRIENDS DO LACK YOU.

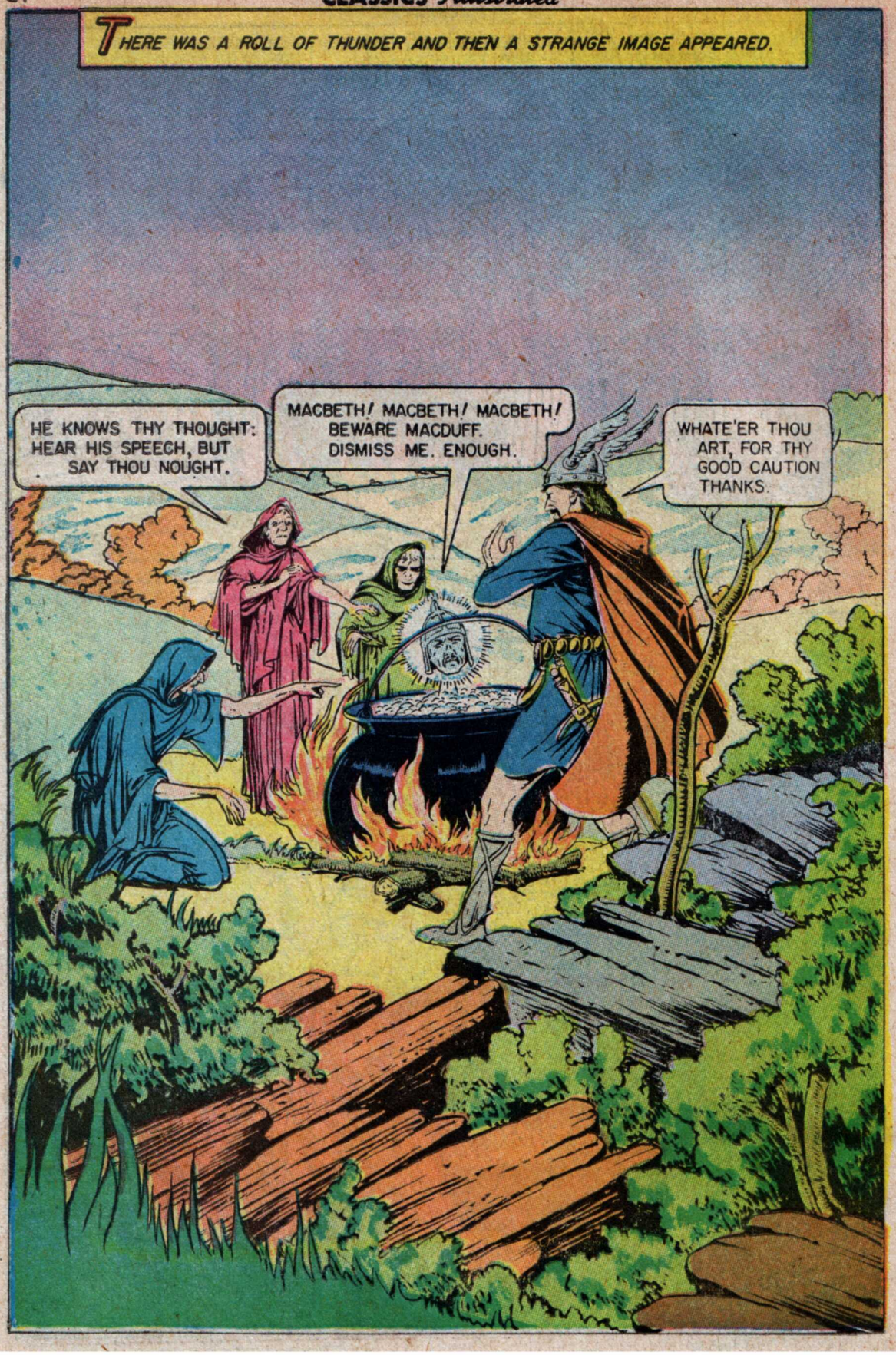
I DO FORGET.
DO NOT MUSE AT ME, MY MOST WORTHY FRIENDS.
I HAVE A STRANGE INFIRMITY, WHICH IS NOTHING TO THOSE THAT KNOW ME.
COME, LOVE AND HEALTH TO ALL!
THEN I'LL SIT DOWN.
GIVE ME SOME WINE; FILL FULL.
I DRINK TO THE GENERAL JOY O' THE WHOLE TABLE, AND TO OUR DEAR FRIEND BANQUO, WHOM WE MISS.
WOULD HE WERE HERE! TO ALL, AND HIM, WE THIRST, AND ALL TO ALL.

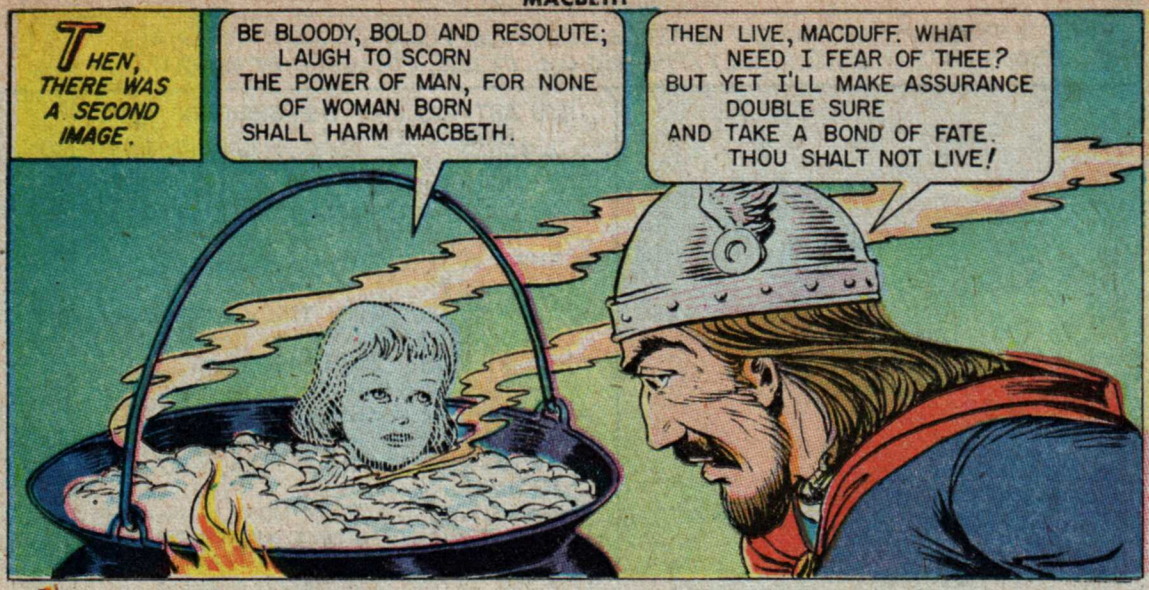
BUT AS HE STARTED TO TAKE HIS SEAT, AGAIN HE SAW THE FORM OF THE MURDERED BANQUO.
AVAUNT AND QUIT MY SIGHT! LET THE EARTH HIDE THEE!
THY BONES ARE MARROWLESS, THY BLOOD IS COLD;
THOU HAST NO SPECULATION IN THOSE EYES WHICH THOU DOST GLARE WITH!
I PRAY YOU, SPEAK NOT. HE GROWS WORSE AND WORSE.
AT ONCE, GOOD NIGHT.
STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING, BUT GO AT ONCE.

AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUESTS...
YOU HAVE DISPLACED THE MIRTH, BROKE THE GOOD MEETING WITH MOST ADMIRED DISORDER.
IT WILL HAVE BLOOD, THEY SAY; BLOOD WILL HAVE BLOOD.


I WILL TO-MORROW TO THE WEIRD SISTERS.
MORE SHALL THEY SPEAK, FOR NOW I AM BENT TO KNOW,
BY THE WORST MEANS, THE WORST. FOR MINE OWN GOOD
ALL CAUSES SHALL GIVE WAY. I AM IN BLOOD STEPPED IN SO FAR THAT, SHOULD I WADE NO MORE,
RETURNING WERE AS TEDIOUS AS GO O'ER.

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, THE WEIRD SISTERS PREPARED TO RECEIVE MACBETH.
DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE; FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE.
THEN . . .
HOW NOW, YOU SECRET, BLACK, AND MIDNIGHT HAGS? I CONJURE YOU BY THAT WHICH YOU PROFESS, HOWE'ER YOU COME TO KNOW IT, ANSWER ME. ANSWER ME TO WHAT I ASK YOU.
SPEAK.
DEMAND.
WE'LL ANSWER.

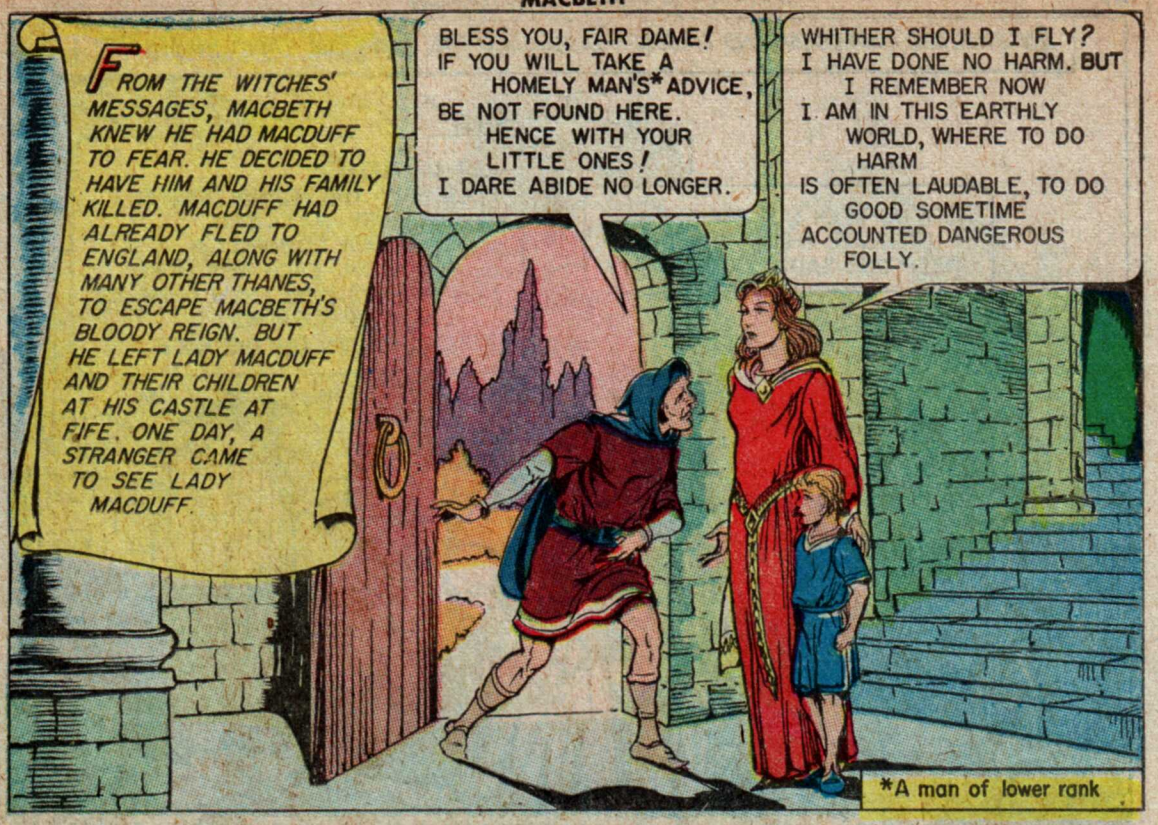

THERE WAS A ROLL OF THUNDER AND THEN A STRANGE IMAGE APPEARED.
HE KNOWS THY THOUGHT: HEAR HIS SPEECH, BUT SAY THOU NOUGHT.
MACBETH! MACBETH! MACBETH! BEWARE MACDUFF. DISMISS ME. ENOUGH.
WHATE'ER THOU ART, FOR THY GOOD CAUTION THANKS.

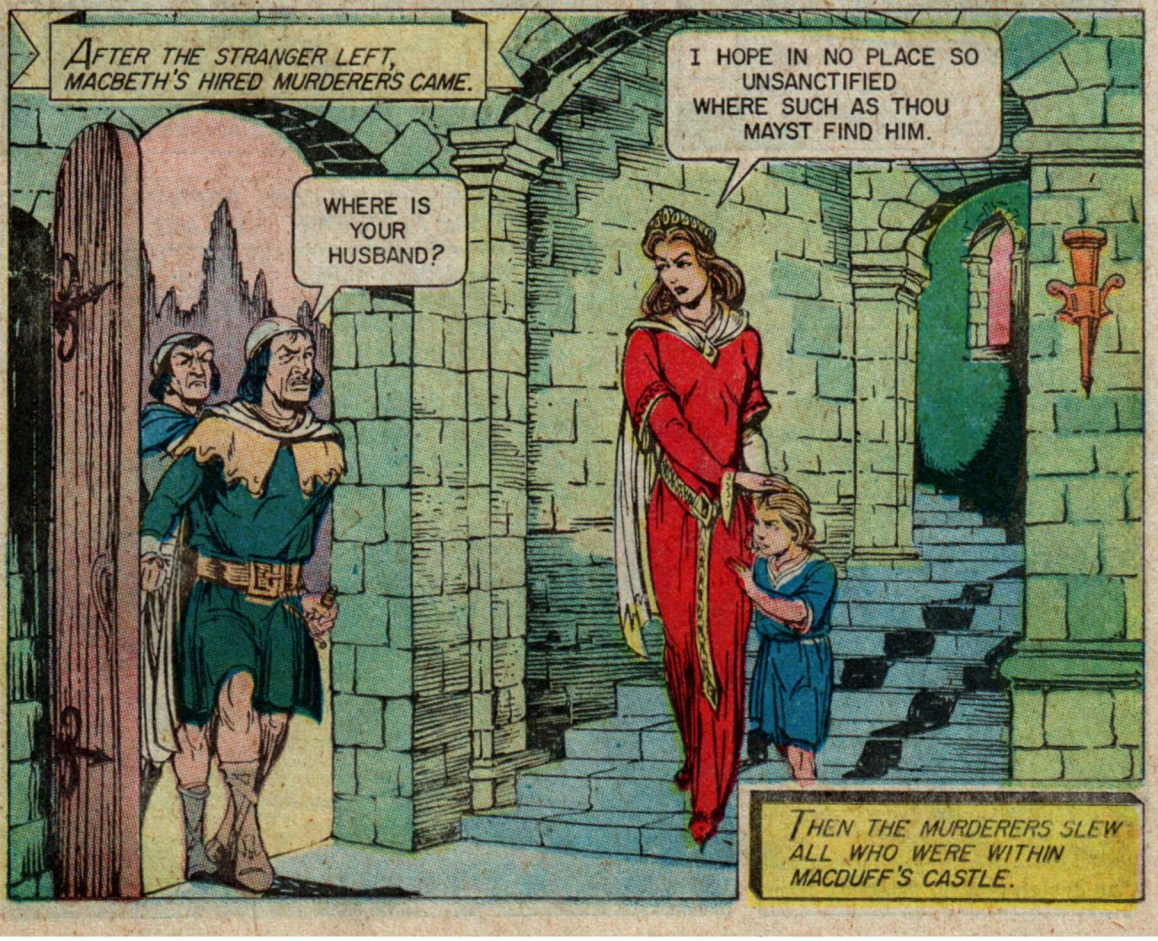


A THIRD APPARITION APPEARED.

THE WITCHES' POWER BROUGHT BEFORE MACBETH THE VISION OF EIGHT KINGS, ALL DESCENDANTS OF BANQUO. THEY APPEARED ONE BY ONE, FOLLOWED BY BANQUO.

*Hair matted with blood


FROM THE WITCHES' MESSAGES, MACBETH KNEW HE HAD MACDUFF TO FEAR. HE DECIDED TO HAVE HIM AND HIS FAMILY KILLED. MACDUFF HAD ALREADY FLED TO ENGLAND, ALONG WITH MANY OTHER THANES, TO ESCAPE MACBETH'S BLOODY REIGN. BUT HE LEFT LADY MACDUFF AND THEIR CHILDREN AT HIS CASTLE AT FIFE. ONE DAY, A STRANGER CAME TO SEE LADY MACDUFF.
BLESS YOU, FAIR DAME! IF YOU WILL TAKE A HOMELY MAN'S* ADVICE, BE NOT FOUND HERE. HENCE WITH YOUR LITTLE ONES! I DARE ABIDE NO LONGER.
WHITHER SHOULD I FLY? I HAVE DONE NO HARM. BUT I REMEMBER NOW I AM IN THIS EARTHLY WORLD, WHERE TO DO HARM IS OFTEN LAUDABLE, TO DO GOOD SOMETIME ACCOUNTED DANGEROUS FOLLY.
*A man of lower rank


AFTER THE STRANGER LEFT, MACBETH'S HIRED MURDERERS CAME.
WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND?
I HOPE IN NO PLACE SO UNSANCTIFIED WHERE SUCH AS THOU MAYST FIND HIM.
THEN THE MURDERERS SLEW ALL WHO WERE WITHIN MACDUFF'S CASTLE.

IN ENGLAND, MALCOLM* AND MACDUFF DISCUSSED THE PLIGHT OF THEIR HOMELAND.

LET US SEEK OUT SOME DESOLATE SHADE, AND THERE WEEP OUR SAD BOSOMS EMPTY.

LET US RATHER HOLD FAST THE MORTAL SWORD AND, LIKE GOOD MEN, BESTRIDE OUR DOWNFALL'N BIRTHDOM. EACH NEW MORN NEW WIDOWS HOWL, NEW ORPHANS CRY, NEW SORROWS STRIKE HEAVEN ON THE FACE.

*Duncan's elder son

MALCOLM HAD FOUND LOYAL FRIENDS AND HE TOLD MACDUFF THAT PLANS WERE BEING MADE TO RETURN TO SCOTLAND AND WIN THE THRONE FROM MACBETH.

GRACIOUS ENGLAND HATH LENT US GOOD SIWARD* AND TEN THOUSAND MEN.

*An English general, Malcolm's uncle

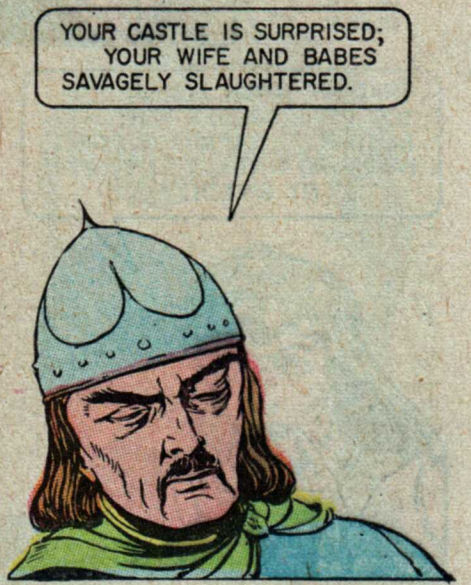
THE THANE OF ROSS THEN CAME, BRINGING THE LATEST SAD NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

SEE WHO COMES HERE. MY EVER GENTLE COUSIN, WELCOME. STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?

ALAS, POOR COUNTRY.

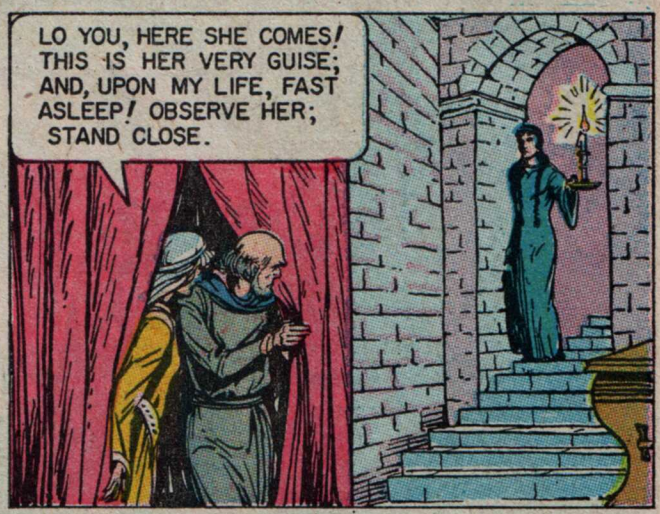
WHEN I CAME HITHER TO TRANSPORT THE TIDINGS, WHICH I HAVE HEAVILY BORNE, THERE RAN A RUMOR OF MANY WORTHY FELLOWS THAT WERE OUT. NOW IS THE TIME OF HELP. YOUR EYE IN SCOTLAND WOULD CREATE SOLDIERS, MAKE OUR WOMEN FIGHT TO DOFF THEIR DIRE DISTRESSES.
BE'T THEIR COMFORT WE ARE COMING THITHER.

WOULD I COULD ANSWER THIS COMFORT WITH THE LIKE! BUT I HAVE WORDS THAT WOULD BE HOWLED OUT IN THE DESERT AIR, WHERE HEARING SHOULD NOT LATCH THEM.
IF IT BE MINE, KEEP IT NOT FROM ME; QUICKLY LET ME HAVE IT.


YOUR CASTLE IS SURPRISED; YOUR WIFE AND BABES SAVAGELY SLAUGHTERED.

O, I COULD PLAY THE WOMAN WITH MINE EYES AND BRAGGART WITH MY TONGUE! BUT, GENTLE HEAVENS, CUT SHORT ALL INTERMISSION. FRONT TO FRONT BRING THOU THIS FIEND OF SCOTLAND AND MYSELF. WITHIN MY SWORD'S LENGTH SET HIM.

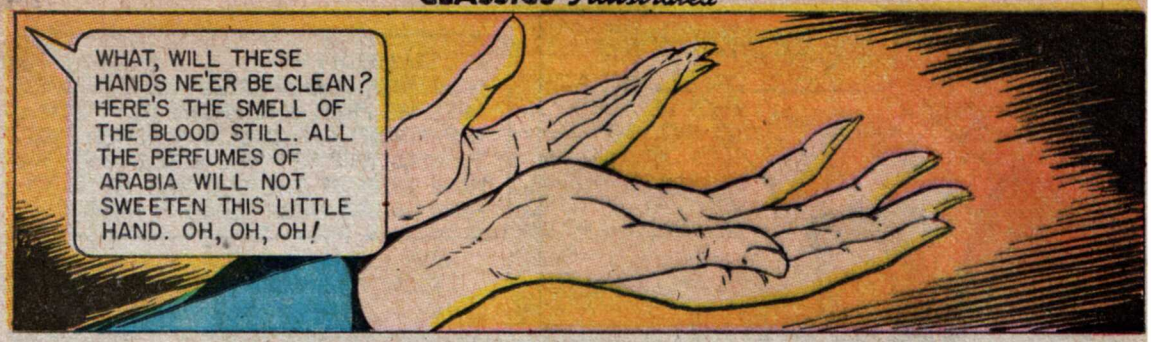
BACK IN SCOTLAND, MACBETH HAD MADE HIS HOME IN DUNSINANE. TO THIS STRONG-HOLD, LADY MACBETH'S GENTLEWOMAN CALLED A DOCTOR TO OBSERVE THE QUEER CONDUCT OF THE QUEEN.

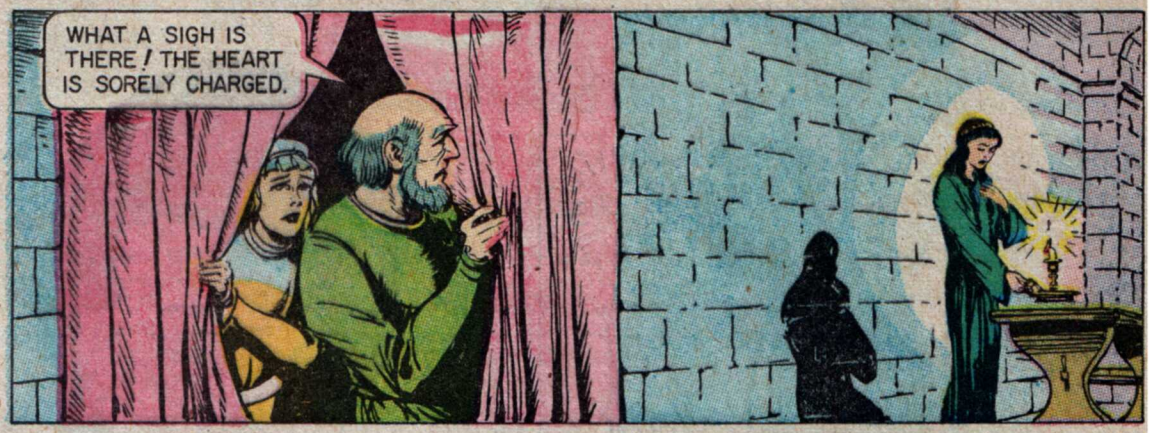


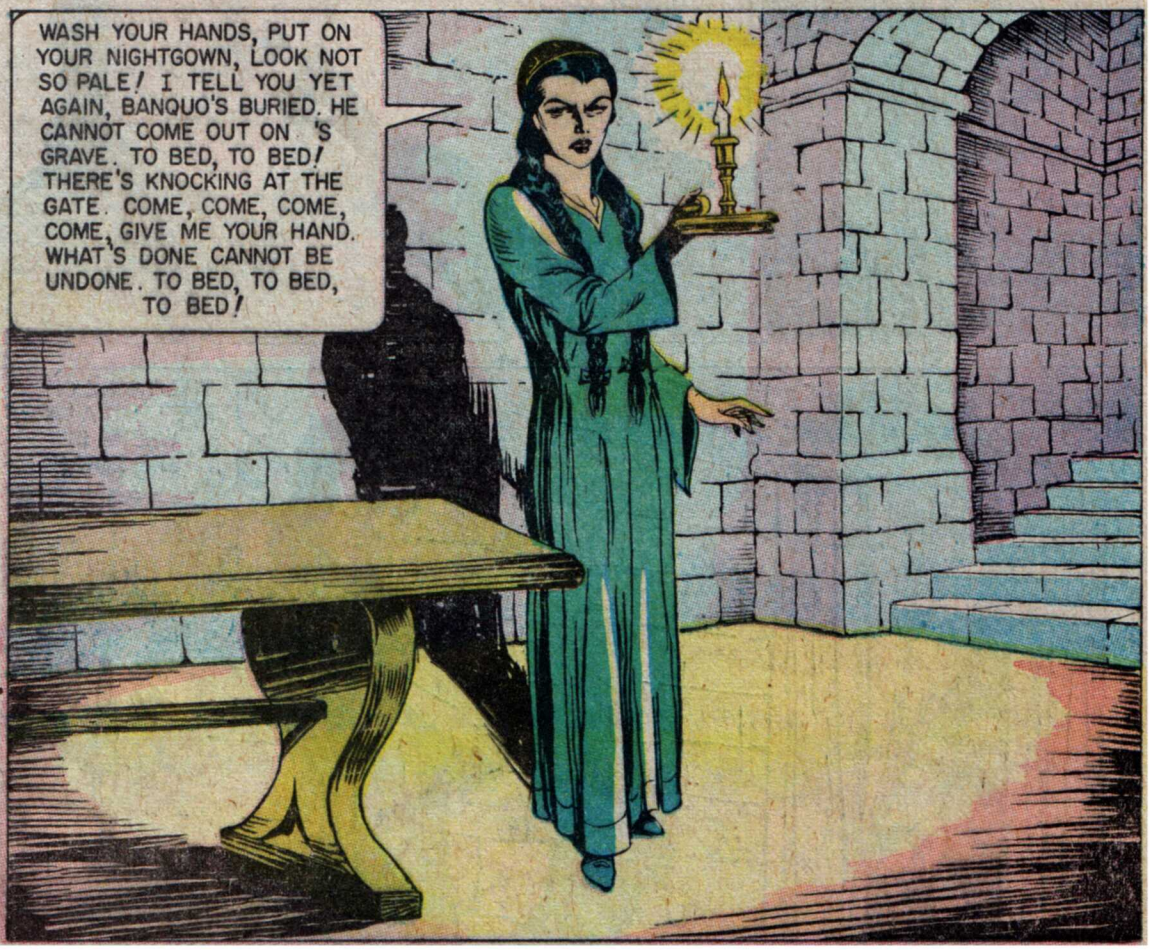
OUT, DAMNED SPOT! OUT, I SAY!

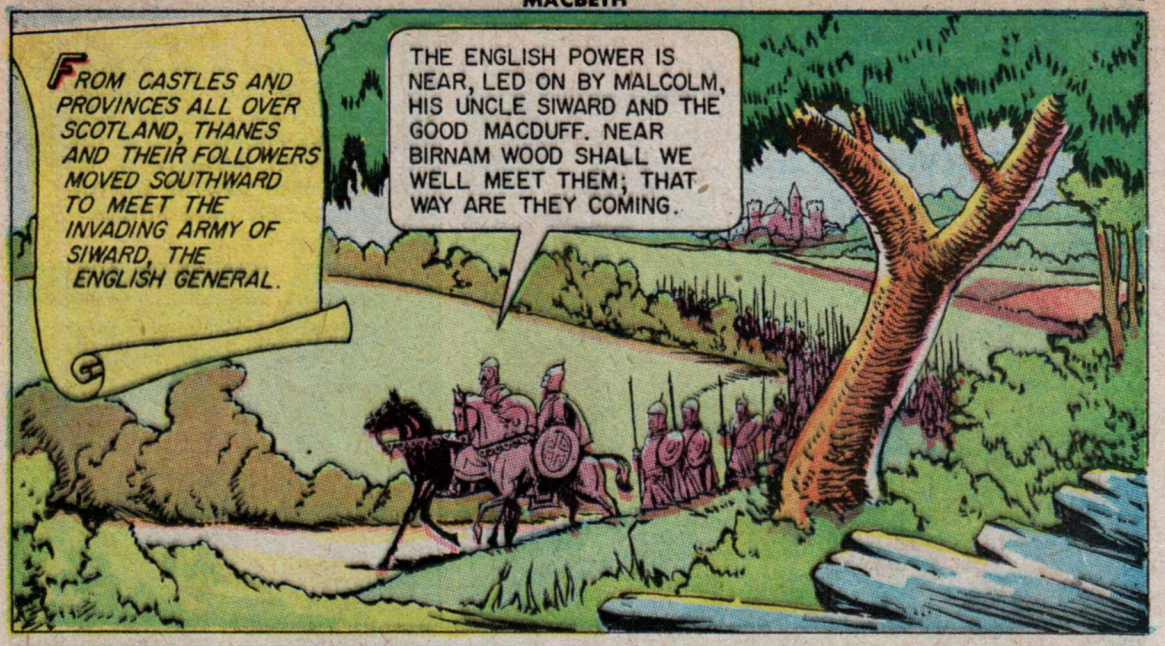
FIE, MY LORD, FIE! A SOLDIER, AND AFEARD? WHAT NEED WE FEAR WHO KNOWS IT, WHEN NONE CAN CALL OUR POWER TO ACCOUNT? YET WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE OLD MAN TO HAVE HAD SO MUCH BLOOD IN HIM?

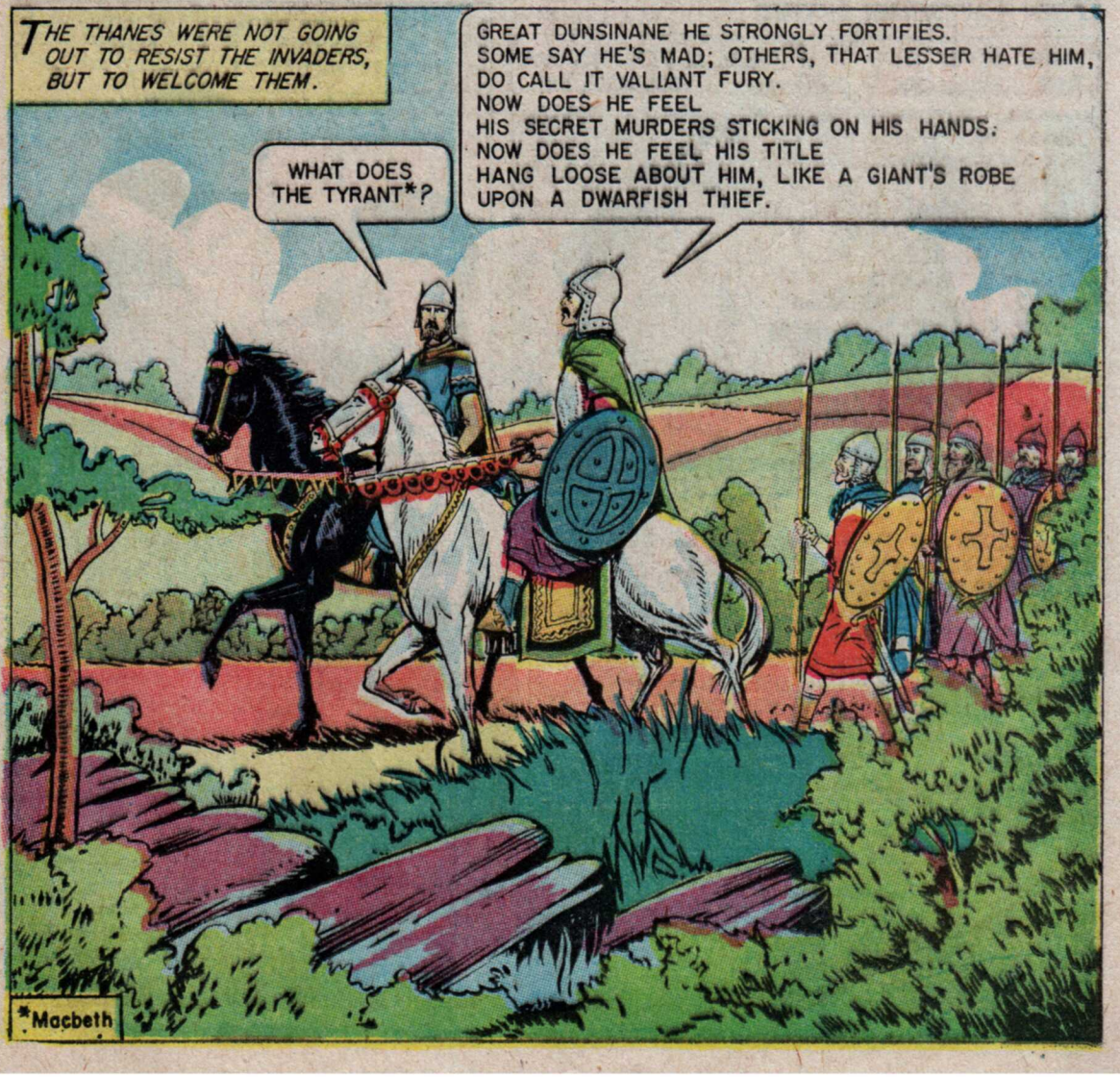
THE THANE OF FIFE* HAD A WIFE. WHERE IS SHE NOW?
*Macduff


WHAT, WILL THESE HANDS NE'ER BE CLEAN? HERE'S THE SMELL OF THE BLOOD STILL. ALL THE PERFUMES OF ARABIA WILL NOT SWEETEN THIS LITTLE HAND. OH, OH, OH!


WHAT A SIGH IS THERE! THE HEART IS SORELY CHARGED.

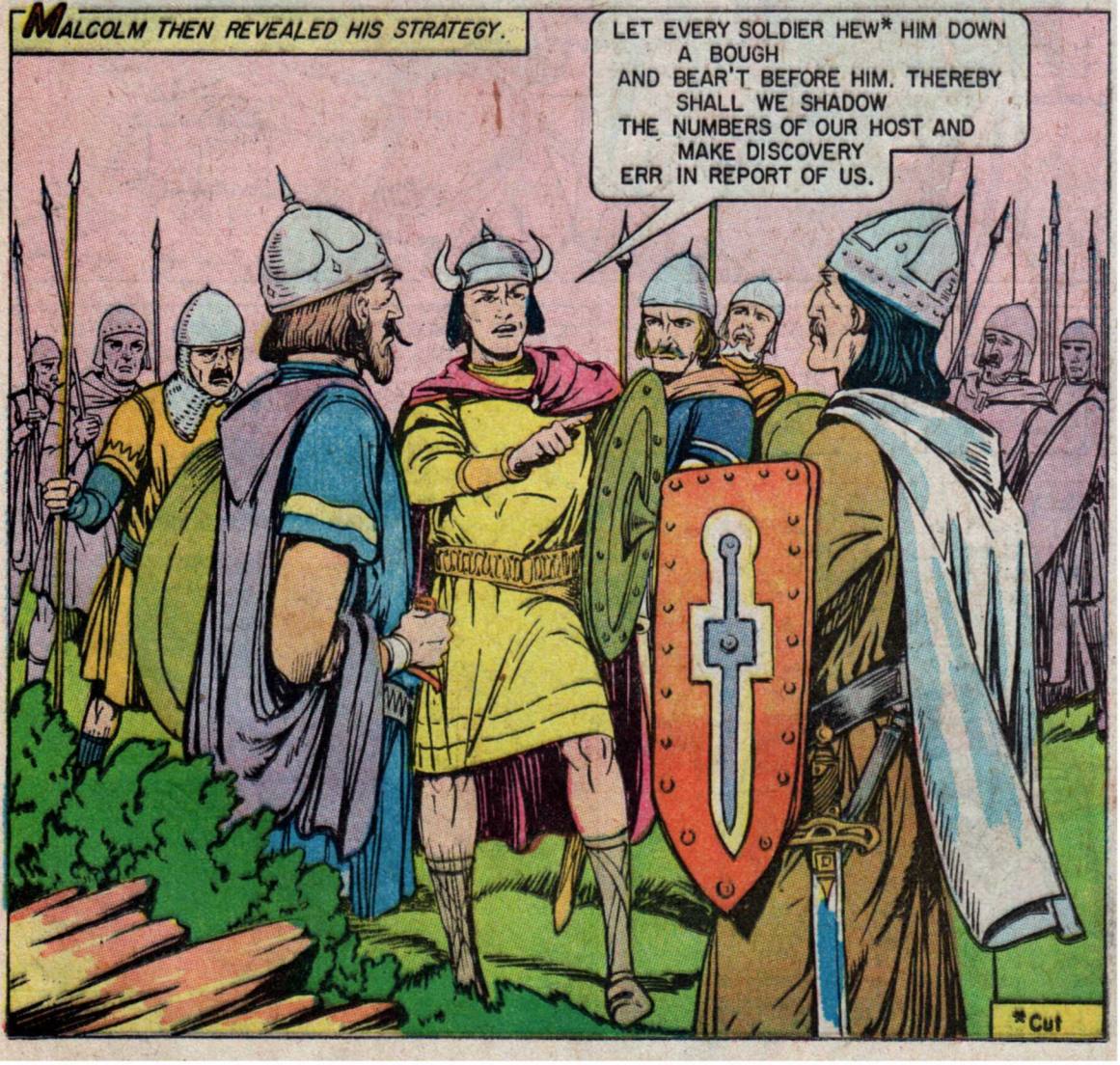

WASH YOUR HANDS, PUT ON YOUR NIGHTGOWN, LOOK NOT SO PALE! I TELL YOU YET AGAIN, BANQUO'S BURIED. HE CANNOT COME OUT ON 'S GRAVE. TO BED, TO BED! THERE'S KNOCKING AT THE GATE. COME, COME, COME, COME, GIVE ME YOUR HAND. WHAT'S DONE CANNOT BE UNDONE. TO BED, TO BED, TO BED!


FROM CASTLES AND PROVINCES ALL OVER SCOTLAND, THANES AND THEIR FOLLOWERS MOVED SOUTHWARD TO MEET THE INVADING ARMY OF SIWARD, THE ENGLISH GENERAL.
THE ENGLISH POWER IS NEAR, LED ON BY MALCOLM, HIS UNCLE SIWARD AND THE GOOD MACDUFF. NEAR BIRNAM WOOD SHALL WE WELL MEET THEM; THAT WAY ARE THEY COMING.


THE THANES WERE NOT GOING OUT TO RESIST THE INVADERS, BUT TO WELCOME THEM.
WHAT DOES THE TYRANT*?
GREAT DUNSINANE HE STRONGLY FORTIFIES.
SOME SAY HE'S MAD; OTHERS, THAT LESSER HATE HIM,
DO CALL IT VALIANT FURY.
NOW DOES HE FEEL
HIS SECRET MURDERS STICKING ON HIS HANDS.
NOW DOES HE FEEL HIS TITLE
HANG LOOSE ABOUT HIM, LIKE A GIANT'S ROBE
UPON A DWARFISH THIEF.
*Macbeth

AT DUNSINANE, MACBETH RELIED UPON THE WITCHES' PROPHECIES TO SAVE HIM.
BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS. LET THEM FLY ALL! TILL BIRNAM WOOD REMOVE TO DUNSINANE, I CANNOT TAINT WITH FEAR.
WHAT'S THE BOY MALCOLM? WAS HE NOT BORN OF WOMAN? THE SPIRITS THAT KNOW ALL MORTAL CONSEQUENCES HAVE PRONOUNCED ME THUS: "FEAR NOT, MACBETH. NO MAN THAT'S BORN OF WOMAN SHALL E'ER HAVE POWER UPON THEE."
THEN A MESSENGER ENTERED.
WHERE GOT'ST THOU THAT GOOSE LOOK?
THERE IS TEN THOUSAND SOLDIERS, SIR.
WHAT SOLDIERS, WHEY-FACE*?
THE ENGLISH FORCE.
*Milk-face
THIS PUSH WILL CHEER ME EVER OR DISSEAT ME NOW. I HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH. AND THAT WHICH SHOULD ACCOMPANY OLD AGE, AS HONOR, LOVE, OBEDIENCE, TROOPS OF FRIENDS, I MUST NOT LOOK TO HAVE; BUT, IN THEIR STEAD, CURSES, NOT LOUD BUT DEEP, MOUTH-HONOR, BREATH WHICH THE POOR HEART WOULD FAIN DENY, AND DARE NOT.
I'LL FIGHT TILL FROM MY BONES MY FLESH BE HACKED. GIVE ME MY ARMOR.

ON BIRNAM WOOD, SIWARD MADE HIS REPORT TO MALCOLM.
WE LEARN NO OTHER BUT THE CONFIDENT TYRANT KEEPS STILL IN DUNSINANE.


MALCOLM THEN REVEALED HIS STRATEGY.
LET EVERY SOLDIER HEW* HIM DOWN A BOUGH AND BEAR'T BEFORE HIM. THEREBY SHALL WE SHADOW THE NUMBERS OF OUR HOST AND MAKE DISCOVERY ERR IN REPORT OF US.
*Cut

AT DUNSINANE, MACBETH PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

HANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON THE OUTWARD WALLS. THE CRY IS STILL "THEY COME!" OUR CASTLE'S STRENGTH WILL LAUGH A SIEGE TO SCORN.

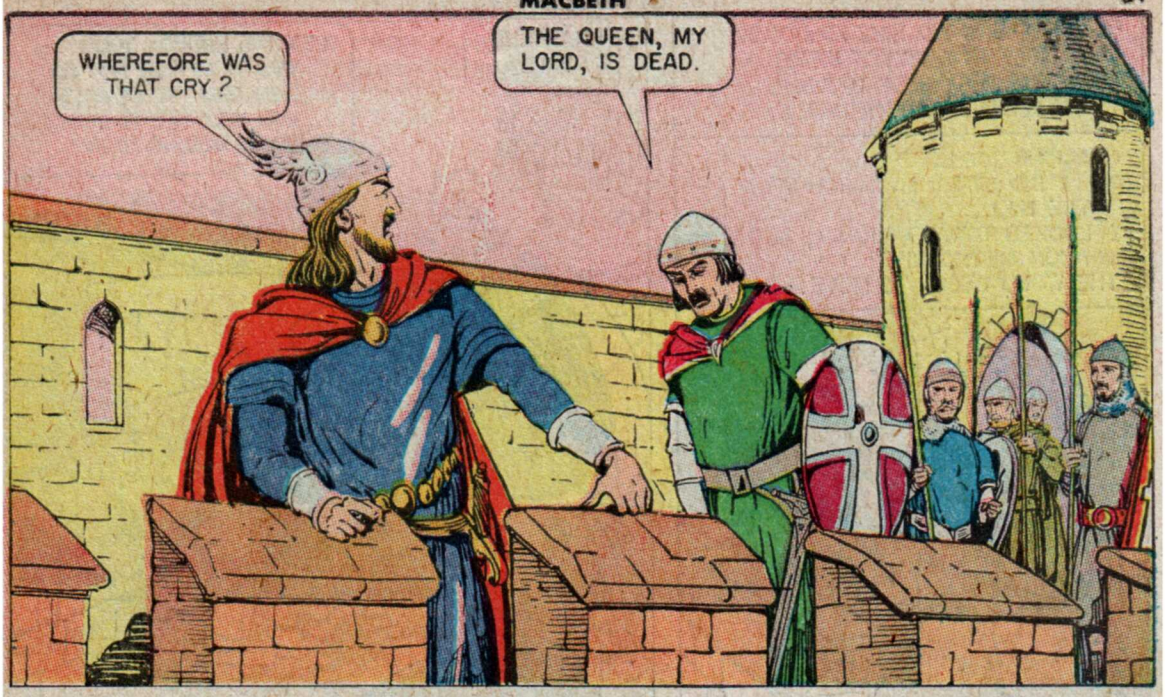
THEN . . .

WHAT IS THAT NOISE?

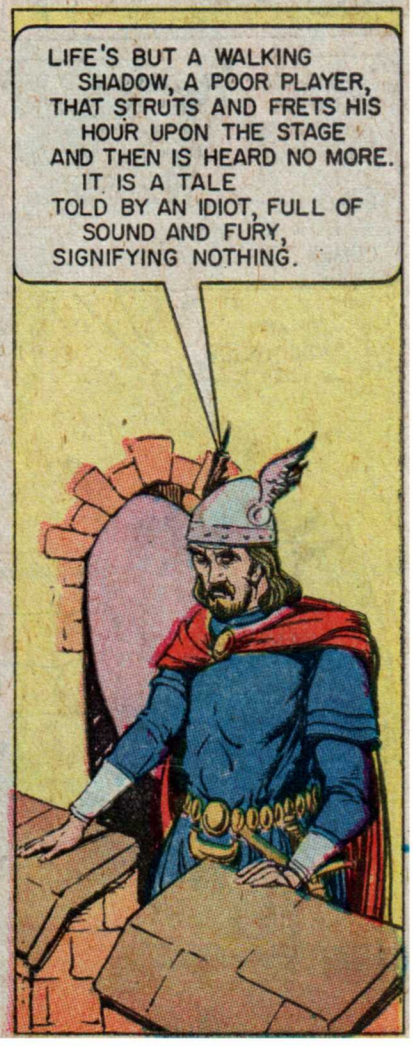
IT IS THE CRY OF WOMEN, MY GOOD LORD.

I HAVE ALMOST FORGOT THE TASTE OF FEARS. THE TIME HAS BEEN MY SENSES WOULD HAVE COOLED TO HEAR A NIGHT-SHRIEK, AND MY FELL OF HAIR WOULD AT A DISMAL TREATISE ROUSE AND STIR AS LIFE WERE IN'T. I HAVE SUPPED FULL WITH HORRORS. DIRENESS*, FAMILIAR TO MY SLAUGHTEROUS THOUGHTS, CANNOT ONCE START ME.

*Horror



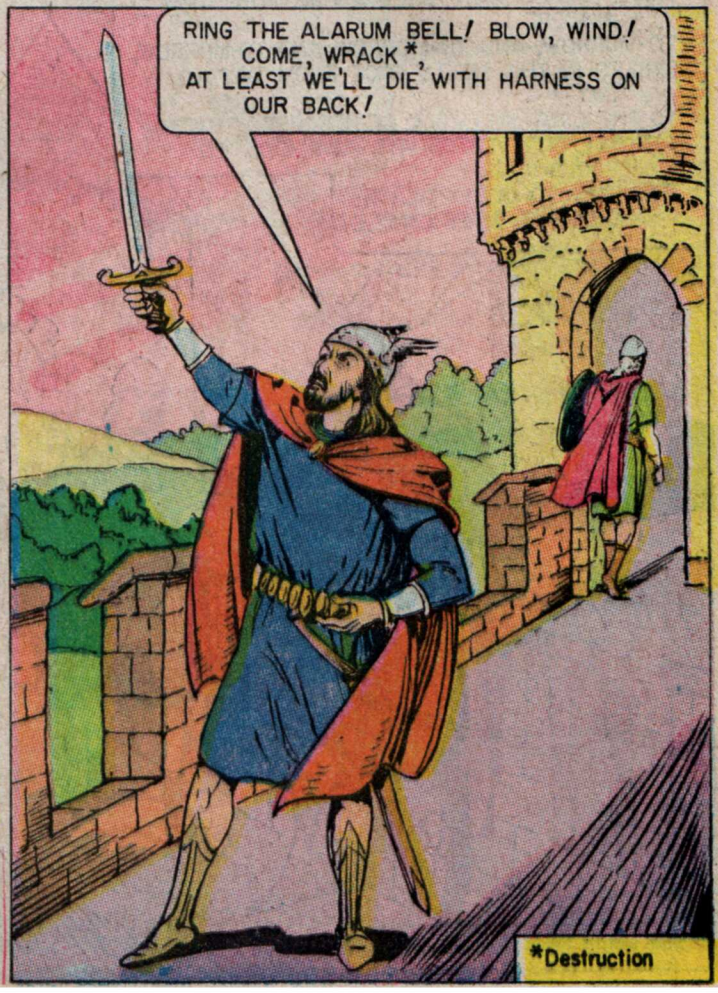
*She would have died inevitably



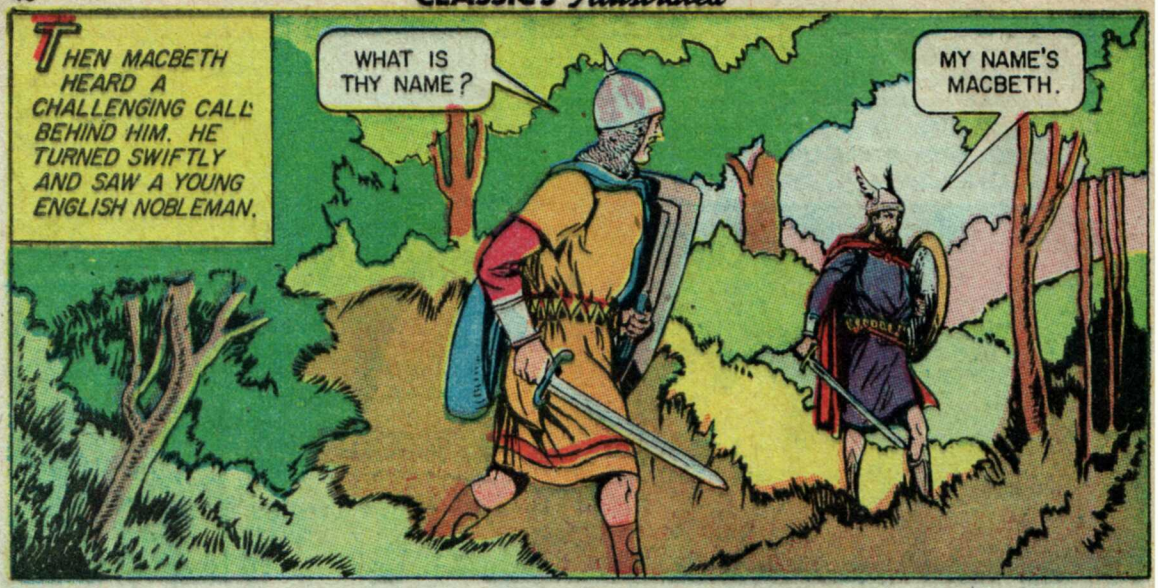
THERE WAS NO TIME TO MOURN. MACBETH'S MUSINGS WERE BROKEN RUDELY BY A MESSAGE WHICH SEEMED UNBELIEVABLE.
GRACIOUS MY LORD, AS I DID STAND MY WATCH UPON THE HILL, I LOOKED TOWARD BIRNAM, AND ANON METHOUGHT, THE WOOD BEGAN TO MOVE.

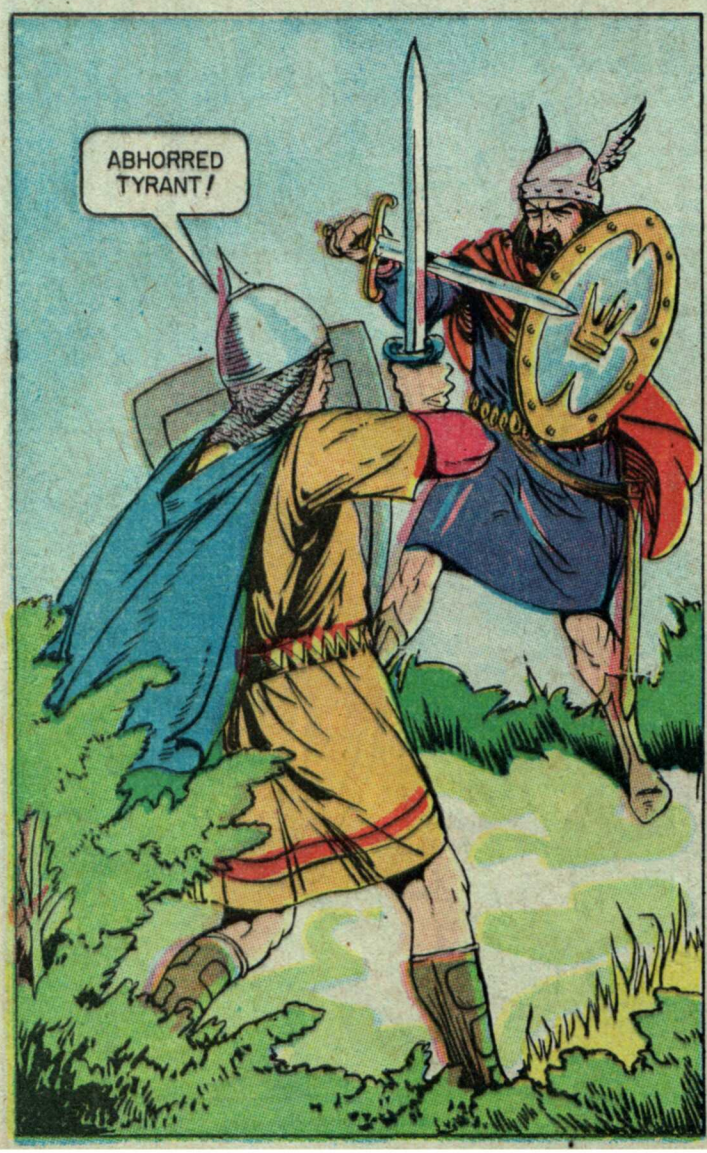
LIAR AND SLAVE!
LET ME ENDURE YOUR WRATH IF'T BE NOT SO. WITHIN THIS THREE MILE MAY YOU SEE IT COMING; I SAY, A MOVING GROVE.

I PULL IN RESOLUTION AND BEGIN TO DOUBT THE EQUIVOCATION* OF THE FIEND, THAT LIES LIKE TRUTH. "FEAR NOT, TILL BIRNAM WOOD DO COME TO DUNSINANE!" AND NOW A WOOD COMES TOWARD DUNSINANE.
*Uncertain meaning

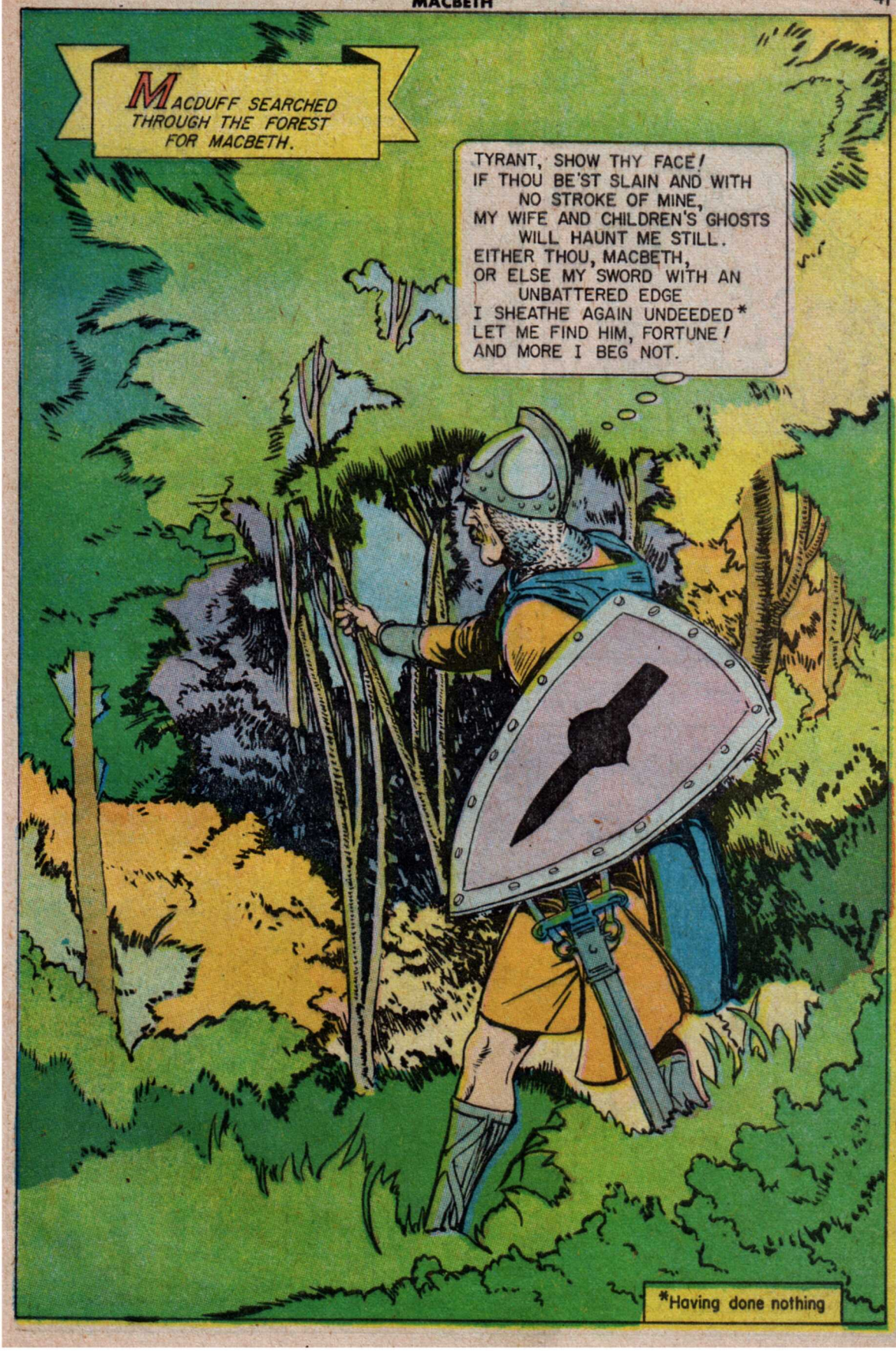

RING THE ALARUM BELL! BLOW, WIND! COME, WRACK*, AT LEAST WE'LL DIE WITH HARNESS ON OUR BACK!
*Destruction

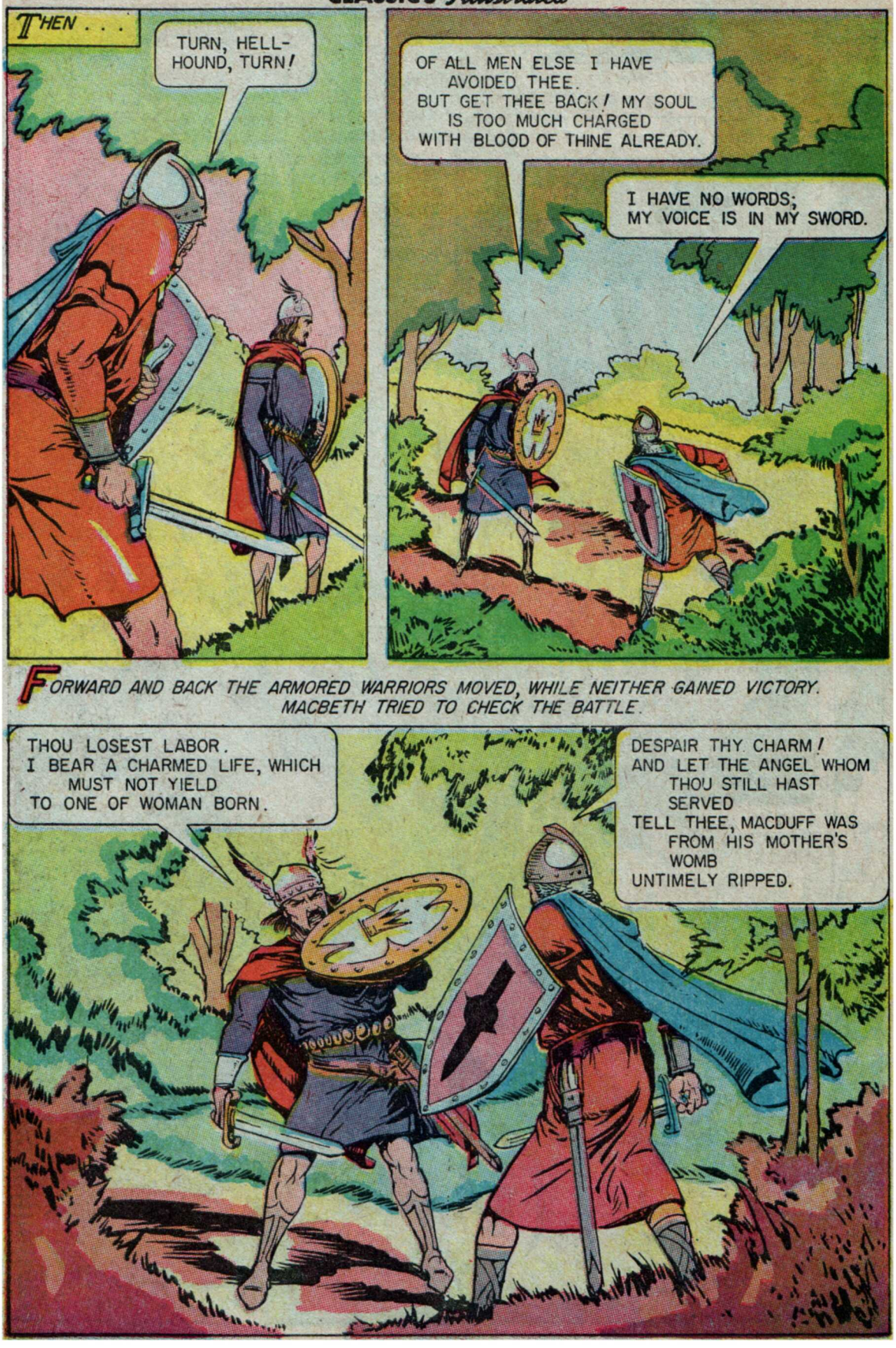
MACBETH CHARGED FROM THE CASTLE. HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE IN THE FOREST, DESERTED BY HIS LAST WEAK FOLLOWERS. HE HAD BUT ONE HOPE LEFT
WHAT'S HE THAT WAS NOT BORN OF WOMAN? SUCH A ONE AM I TO FEAR, OR NONE.


THEN MACBETH HEARD A CHALLENGING CALL BEHIND HIM. HE TURNED SWIFTLY AND SAW A YOUNG ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.
WHAT IS THY NAME?
MY NAME'S MACBETH.


ABHORRED TYRANT!

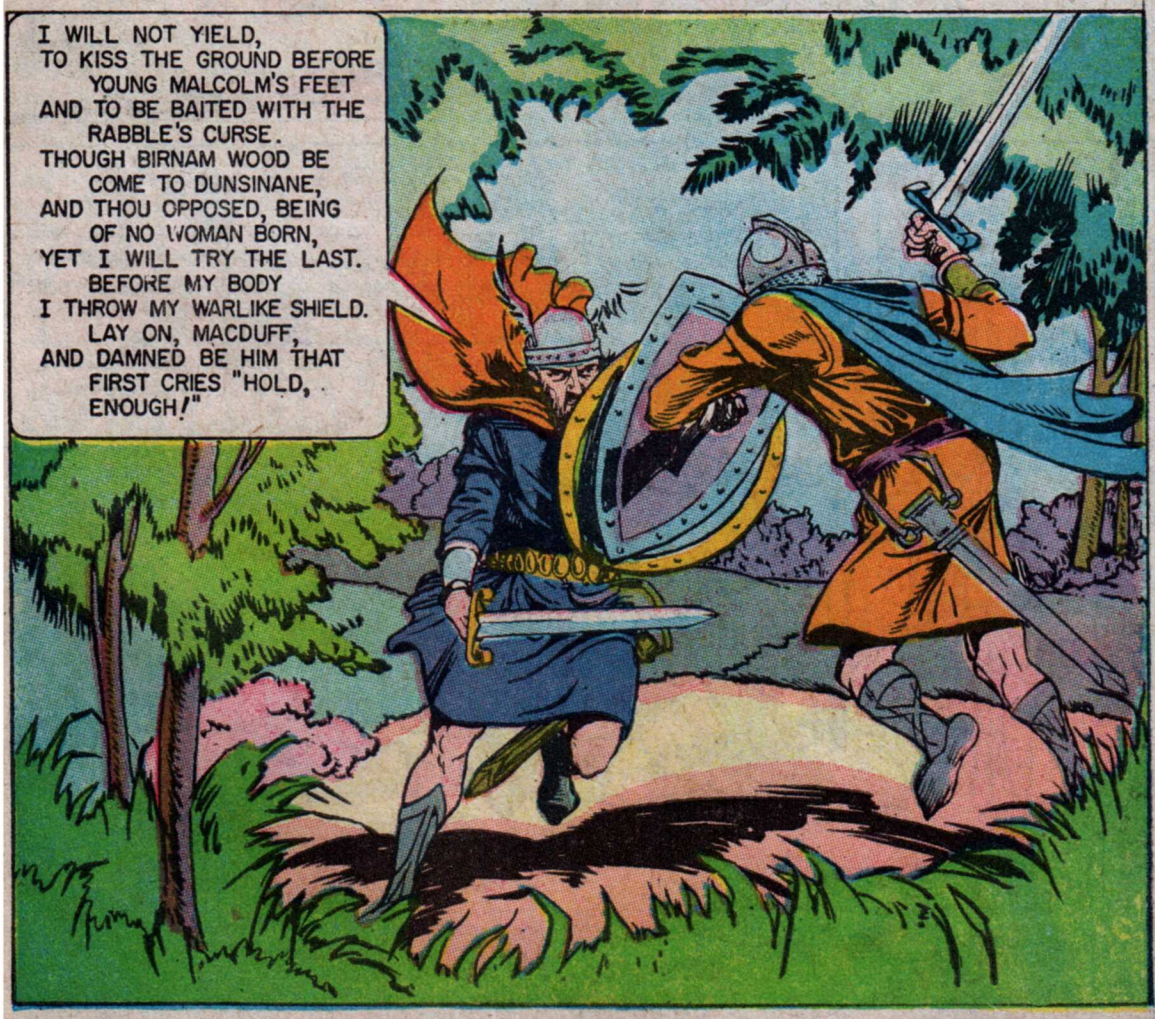
THOU WAST BORN OF WOMAN. BUT SWORDS I SMILE AT, WEAPONS LAUGH TO SCORN, BRANDISHED BY MAN THAT'S OF A WOMAN BORN.

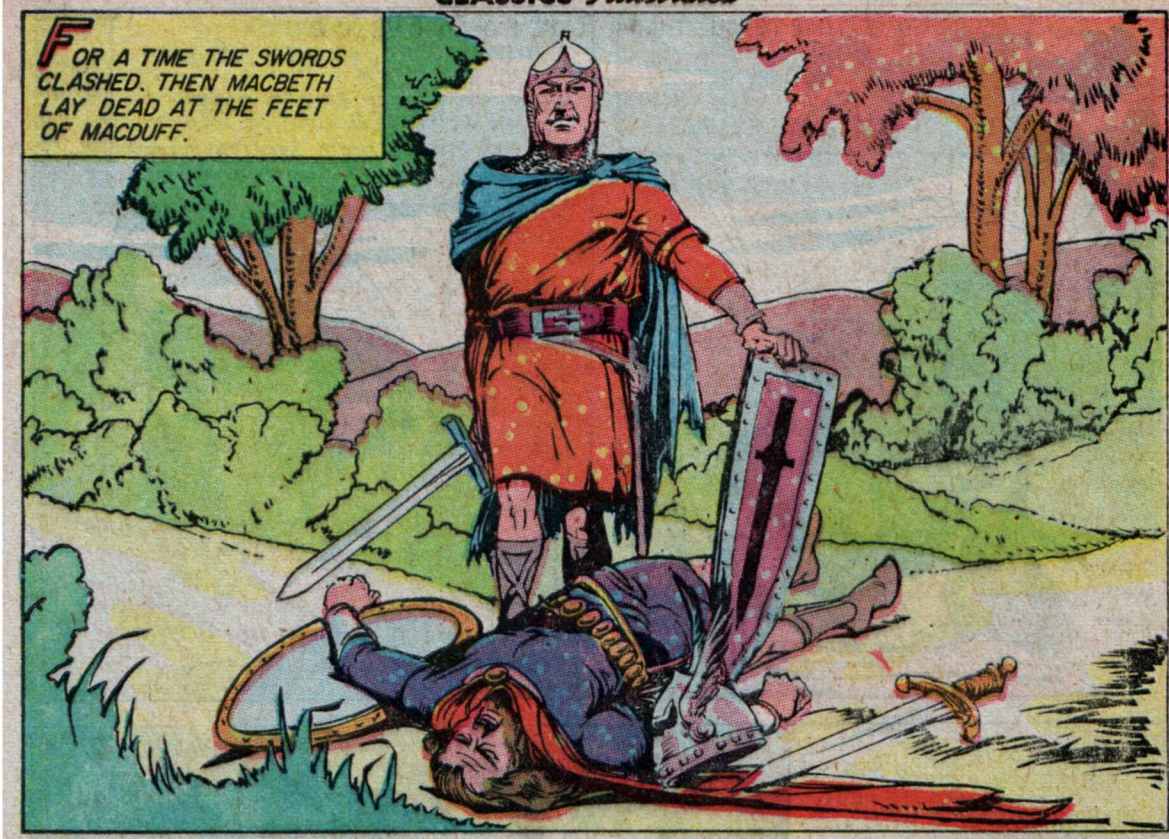

MACDUFF SEARCHED THROUGH THE FOREST FOR MACBETH.
TYRANT, SHOW THY FACE! IF THOU BE'ST SLAIN AND WITH NO STROKE OF MINE, MY WIFE AND CHILDREN'S GHOSTS WILL HAUNT ME STILL. EITHER THOU, MACBETH, OR ELSE MY SWORD WITH AN UNBATTERED EDGE I SHEATHE AGAIN UNDEEDED* LET ME FIND HIM, FORTUNE! AND MORE I BEG NOT.
*Having done nothing

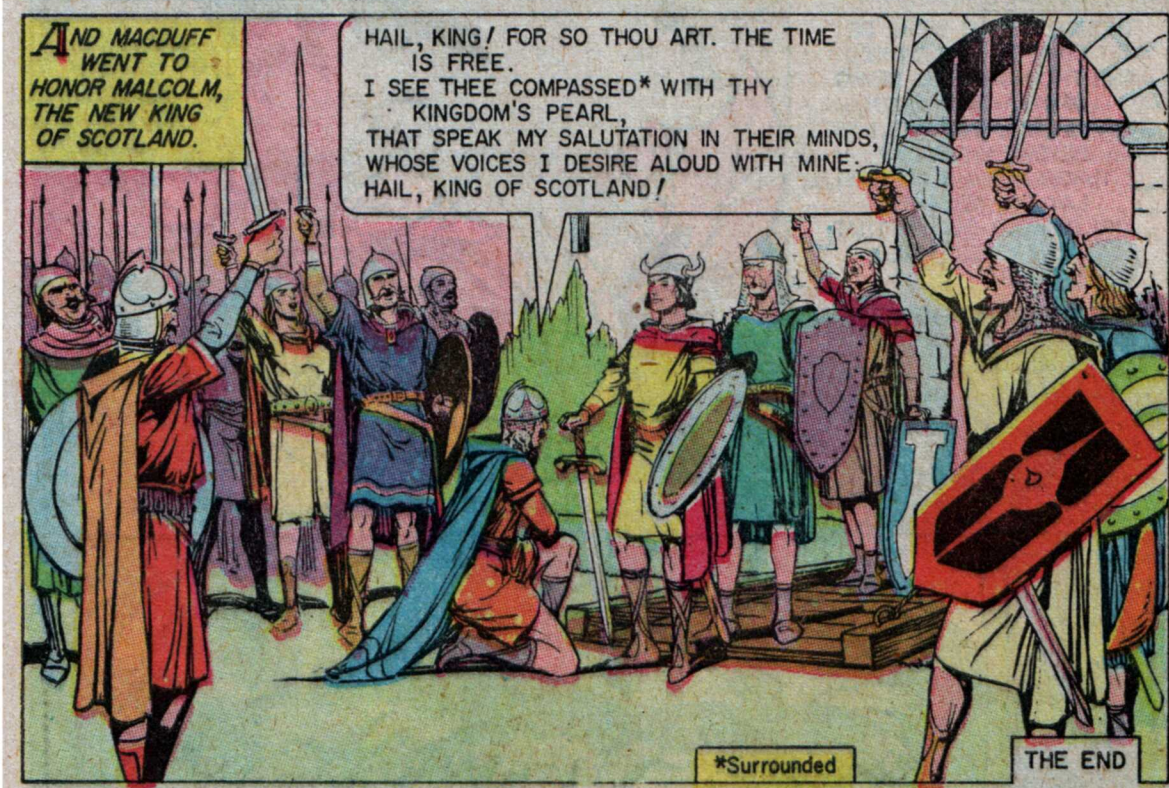

THEN . . .
TURN, HELL-HOUND, TURN!
OF ALL MEN ELSE I HAVE AVOIDED THEE. BUT GET THEE BACK! MY SOUL IS TOO MUCH CHARGED WITH BLOOD OF THINE ALREADY.
I HAVE NO WORDS; MY VOICE IS IN MY SWORD.
FORWARD AND BACK THE ARMORED WARRIORS MOVED, WHILE NEITHER GAINED VICTORY. MACBETH TRIED TO CHECK THE BATTLE.
THOU LOSEST LABOR. I BEAR A CHARMED LIFE, WHICH MUST NOT YIELD TO ONE OF WOMAN BORN.
DESPAIR THY CHARM! AND LET THE ANGEL WHOM THOU STILL HAST SERVED TELL THEE, MACDUFF WAS FROM HIS MOTHER'S WOMB UNTIMELY RIPPED.

ACCURSED BE THAT TONGUE THAT TELLS ME SO,
FOR IT HATH COWED MY BETTER PART OF MAN!
I'LL NOT FIGHT WITH THEE!

THEN YIELD THEE, COWARD,
AND LIVE TO BE THE SHOW AND GAZE O' THE TIME!
WE'LL HAVE THEE, AS OUR RARER MONSTERS ARE,
PAINTED UPON A POLE, AND UNDERWRIT "HERE MAY YOU SEE THE TYRANT."


I WILL NOT YIELD,
TO KISS THE GROUND BEFORE YOUNG MALCOLM'S FEET
AND TO BE BAITED WITH THE RABBLE'S CURSE.
THOUGH BIRNAM WOOD BE COME TO DUNSINANE,
AND THOU OPPOSED, BEING OF NO WOMAN BORN,
YET I WILL TRY THE LAST. BEFORE MY BODY
I THROW MY WARLIKE SHIELD. LAY ON, MACDUFF,
AND DAMNED BE HIM THAT FIRST CRIES "HOLD, ENOUGH!"





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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in the peaceful little town of Stratford on the banks of the Avon River in England. We do not know the exact date of his birth, but church records show that he was baptized on April 26, 1564.

Other records of the local city hall show that John Shakespeare, father of William, was one of the town's leading citizens. He was registered as a member of the glovemaker's guild, but he took part in a number of enterprises, and he traded in leathers. He had political connections and served in several appointive and elective positions. At one time, he was the town's official ale taster. Later, he was town constable. In the year that William was four, his father was made high bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford.

As a member of a leading family, William Shakespeare was probably taught at an early age to read and to write. This private instruction prepared him to go on for what was considered advanced education in the Stratford Grammar School. It is likely that he spent most of his time there studying Latin. Probably his teachers required him to memorize long passages and to recite them in a loud, clear voice. Such exercises in speech and memory would have been very helpful when he later became an actor.

We do not know much about Shakespeare as a young man. We know that at the age of eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway. They had three children, Susanna, Judith and Hamnet.

Many stories have been written about Shakespeare's struggles in his efforts to become a writer and actor in London, but little is really known about how he got his start. Modern writers have often pictured him earning pennies by holding the horses of rich theater goers. However, there is nothing in history to show that he was ever that destitute.

In fact, we know that by the time he was twenty-eight, he was a successful actor, and that from that time until his death at the age of fifty-two, he grew increasingly popular and prosperous.

Shakespeare was one genius who was extremely popular even during his own lifetime. The theatrical companies with which he worked and the plays which he wrote were in great demand. He appeared regularly at the command of Queen Elizabeth I, and after her death, his company was sponsored by King James I.

Shakespeare was loved not only by royalty, but by all the people. His audience, according to one writer of the day, consisted of "tailors, tinkers, sailors, old men, young men, women, boys, girls, and such like," most of whom paid one penny for the privilege of standing to see the show.

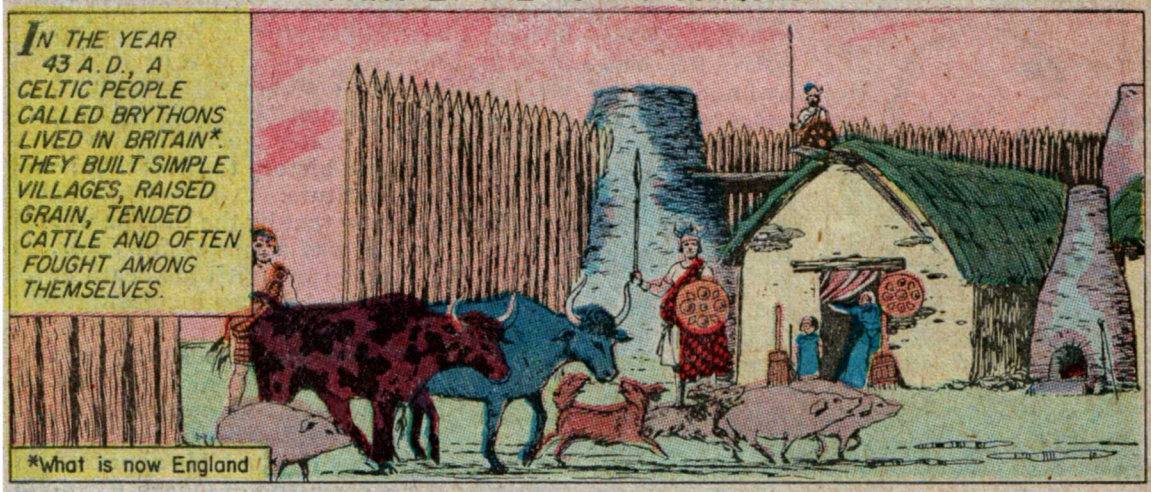
His being an actor gave Shakespeare a great advantage over writers who create plays for others to act. Shakespeare did not write on mere theory. He watched and listened to his audiences as much as his audiences watched and listened to him. He changed his lines frequently, always trying to get the most out of the dramatic situation. He developed such ability to meet the demands of an audience, that for more than 300 years, his plays have been capturing audiences with the genius of their drama, their understanding and their poetry.

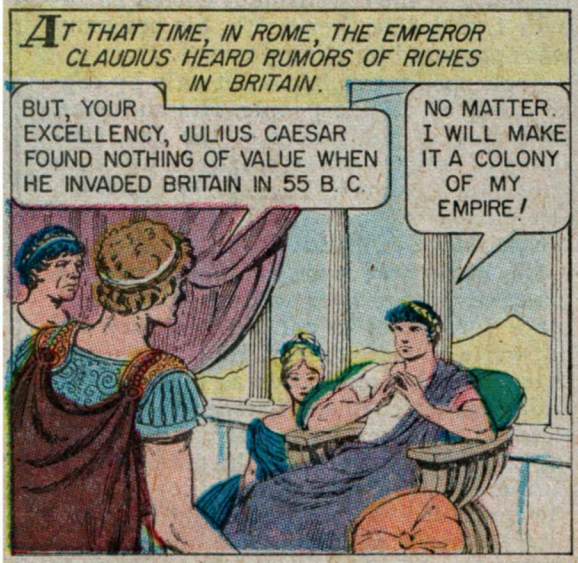
William Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616. Ben Jonson, a fellow poet and dramatist, later wrote a eulogy which said, in part,

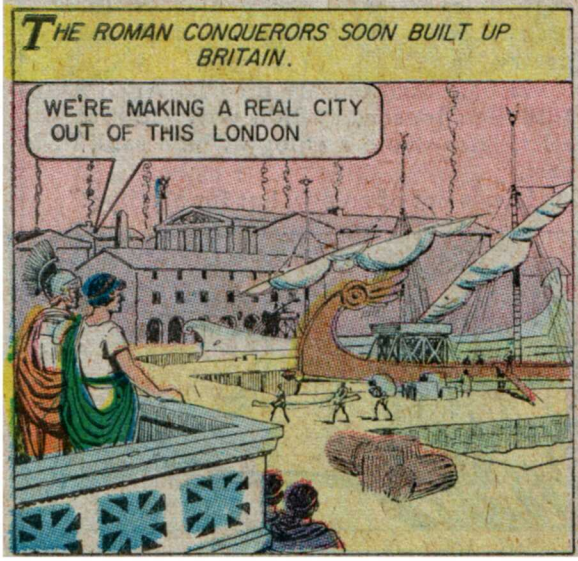
"He was not of an age, but for all time!"

THE STORY OF GREAT BRITAIN

PART 2: *THE ROMAN CONQUEST*



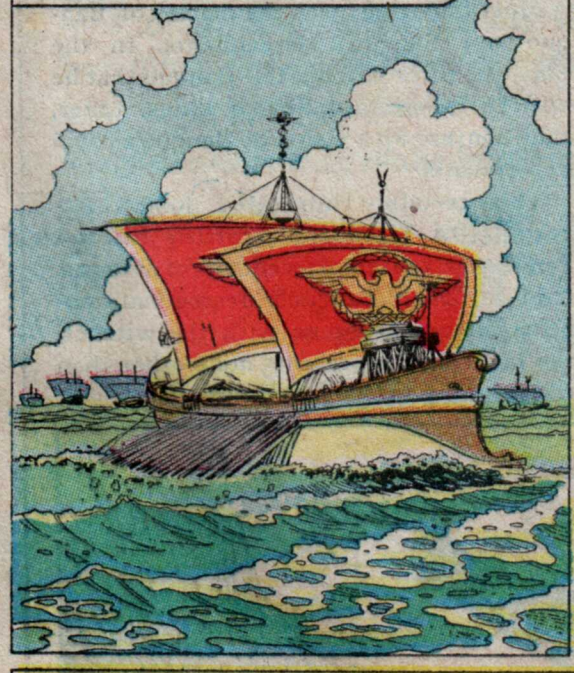




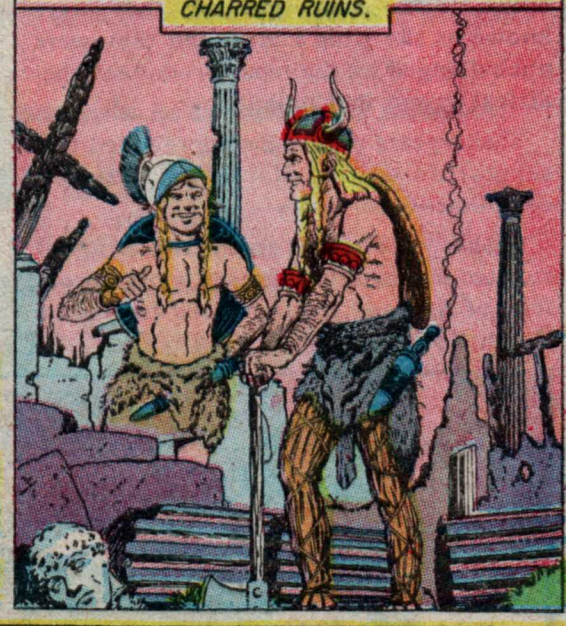
THOUGH THE ROMANS CONQUERED THE BRYTHONS, THEY COULD NOT CONQUER THE NEIGHBORING PICTS. FINALLY, IN THE YEARS 122 TO 127, THE EMPEROR HADRIAN HAD A STONE WALL BUILT ACROSS THE ISLAND TO KEEP OUT THESE FIERCE FIGHTERS FROM THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

DURING THE NEXT 300 YEARS, THE ROMANS THRIVED IN BRITAIN.

THEN, IN 407, WARRING AMONG DIFFERENT GROUPS IN ROME CAUSED THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE TO RECALL ALL OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS FROM BRITAIN.



THE WITHDRAWAL OF ROMAN TROOPS LEFT THE BRYTHONS DEFENSELESS AGAINST RAIDERS FROM NORTHERN EUROPE. SOON, THESE RAIDERS HAD LOOTED ALL OF ROMAN BRITAIN. NOTHING REMAINED AFTER NEARLY 400 YEARS OF ROMAN RULE EXCEPT A FEW CHARRED RUINS.



THIS IS THE SECOND OF TWELVE FEATURES ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE: "SAXON ENGLAND."

BANQUO'S DESCENDANT

WHEN JAMES I entered London in 1603 to ascend the throne of England, he found William Shakespeare and a company of the finest actors in the land waiting to welcome him. King James was the successor to Queen Elizabeth I, under whose rule Shakespeare had prospered. He and the stage company to which he belonged were favorites of Elizabeth. They often performed for Elizabeth and her court during the Christmas season, and at other festive times. Elizabeth's Lord Chamberlain was their sponsor, and they were known as the Chamberlain's Men.

Fortunately for Shakespeare, King James was as good to the theater as Elizabeth had been. He was a scholar who loved literature and encouraged the arts. He wrote and published a great many poems, as well as a book of advice to poets. For the benefit of his son, he even wrote a book on how to be king. He himself translated parts of the Bible from Latin into English, and it was he who sponsored the complete new edition, or "King James Version" of the Bible.

King James took over Shakespeare's company ten days after he received the crown. From that time on, they were known as the King's Men, and they were unchallenged as the most prominent theatrical group in England.

Shakespeare must have appreciated this support. In writing *Macbeth*, he paid his compliments to James.

Shakespeare came upon the original story of Macbeth in a history book, *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* by Ralph Holinshed.

According to Holinshed, Macbeth became King of Scotland in the year 1040, after murdering King Duncan. Holinshed wrote that Macbeth was promised the throne by "the weird sisters," who were "goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies." He also wrote that during Macbeth's reign, he sought the advice of "certain wizards and a witch" who gave him false comfort and led him to his doom.

Shakespeare's version of this, the tragedy *Macbeth*, was of tremendous interest to King James. First, James came from a long line of Scottish Kings. He was the son of Mary Queen of Scots and, for several years before he became King of England, he had been King of Scotland. Naturally, he was interested in a play about Scottish Kings and Scottish history.

Second, Shakespeare built his story around the weird sisters, and King James was not only a believer in witchcraft, he considered himself an expert on same. In fact, he wrote a book in which he gravely discussed the ability of "devils foretelling of things to come."

Most important was the matter of Banquo and Banquo's descendants. In the play, the three witches tell Banquo that he will be father to a line of kings. Later, they conjure up a vision of Banquo's royal descendants.

This certainly interested James. According to legendary Scottish history, James was a direct descendant of Banquo. And so, when Banquo's descendants appear during the scene with the witches, the last figure represents none other than the reigning king—James himself.

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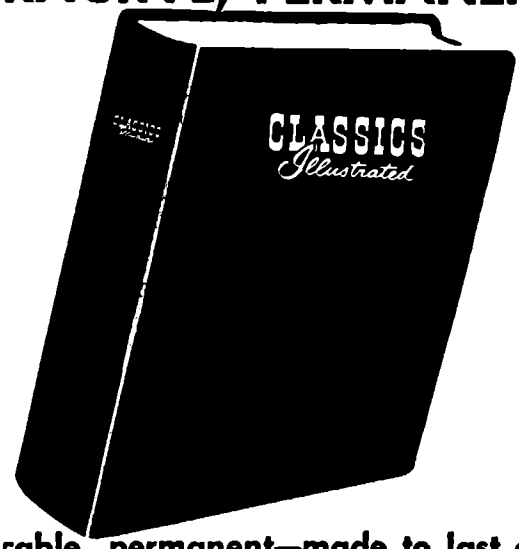

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